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THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE

Twelfth Night

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

EDITED BY

H. HOWARD CRAWLEY

"loe in a trice
The Cockpit Galleries, Boxes, all are full
To hear Malvoglio, that cross-garter'd gull."

RIVINGTONS
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON
MDCCCLXXXIX

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

"TWELFTH NIGHT" was first printed in the folio of 1623, and the text is in a state of great purity. Though divided into acts and scenes, no *Dramatis Personæ* are given in the folio.

The date of the composition of this play has been fixed by the discovery of a diary of John Maningham, a student of the Middle Temple, who saw it played on February 2nd, 1601 [2], and thus records the performance: "At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night*, or *What you Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmis*, in *Plautus*, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in general termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

As regards the expression "lady widdowe," either Maningham made a mistake, or perhaps Olivia was originally represented as a widow, and afterwards an alteration was made.

This comedy is not found in Meres' list of 1598, and therefore must have been written between that date and the date that Maningham saw it performed. Nor is it

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probable that it was acted then in private for the first time, and so we may fix its date at 1599 or 1600.

This evidence is wholly external, and entirely satisfactory. The internal evidence is barely worth consideration, as no less than four different dates—not one of which was correct—had been assigned to it before the discovery of Maningham's diary. Something, however, has been judged from the song, "Farewell, dear heart," which is taken from Corydon's "Farewell to Phillis," in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, reprinted in *Percy's Reliques*, 1857, vol. i. p. 222. The song first appeared in the *Booke of Ayres*, composed by Robert Jones, folio, London, 1601. (See Halliwell-Philipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespear*, 5 ed. pp. 520–21.)

Steevens says that "he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies" is a clear allusion to a map engraved for *Linschoten's Voyages*, an English translation of which appeared in 1598, the map being multilineal in the extreme, and the first in which the Eastern Islands are included. But, as Mr. Coote has proved (in a paper read before the New Shakesperian Society, June 14th, 1878), this map was not a *new* one, but a feebly reduced copy of an old one, the latest geographical information to be found on it when T. N. appeared being at least thirty years old, "and it showed no portion of the great Indian peninsula." The true *new map* was pretty certainly one which Hallam in his *Literature of Europe* calls the best map of the 16th century, and which, he says, is found in a few copies of the *first* edition of *Hakluyt's Voyages*. This edition, however, was published in 1589, while the map records discoveries made at least seven years later. "The truth," as Mr. Coote remarks, "seems to be, that it was a separate map well known at the time, made in all probability for the convenience of

the purchasers of either one or other of the two editions of Hakluyt." [The second was published in 1598-1600.]

The author of the map was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux, of Lambeth, who was the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. The augmentation of the Indies consists in a marked development of the geography of India proper, then known as the land of the Mogores, or Mogol, the island of Ceylon, and the two peninsulas of Cochin China and the Corea. It may be added that this map had *more lines* than the one in *Linschoten's Voyages*, there being *sixteen* sets of rhumb lines on the former to twelve in the latter. (Rolfe, quoted in Henry Irving's *Shakespeare*.)

Professor Dowden classes this play along with *Much Ado About Nothing* (1598) and *As You Like It* (1599) as belonging to the joyous, refined, and romantic group, and gives its date as 1600-1601.

Various conjectures have been made as to the reason of the name given to this comedy. One is that it was first played on Twelfth Night, 1602. Another that a particular phrase ("la Notte de Beffana") in an Italian play, from which it is thought Shakespeare drew some of the materials for his plot, suggested it; but the most probable conjecture seems to be that he considered this comedy suitable for representation on Twelfth Night, which was then always kept in England with amusements and festivities. The second title of *What You Will* was probably added by Shakespeare to show that if *Twelfth Night* was not a good enough name, people could choose for themselves, and call it by whatever name they preferred. (Compare the title *As You Like It*.) This was to a certain extent done; for some twenty years after its first production we find it called *Malvolio*, and Charles I., in his copy of the second edition, also altered the title to that name.

As regards the source of the plot, it appears probable that Shakespeare derived the main idea from *Gl' Ingannati*, an Italian play, printed about 1537, which has a poetical induction called "Il Sacrificio," and in this the name Malevolti is found. A similar story occurs in a novel by Bandello, which was translated into French by Belleforest.

Another version of the same story, called "The Historie of Apolonius and Silla," in *Barnaby Riche His Farewell to the Militarie Profession*, appeared in 1581, and to this Shakespeare would have had access.

From any of the above, however, Shakespeare could only have derived just a sketch for the main plot. All the beauties and the poetry come from him alone. All the comic characters—Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Feste the Clown, and also Fabian, Maria, and Malvolio himself—are entirely Shakespeare's own, as are also the personalities of all the characters.

Sketch of Plot.—This play, like many others of Shakespeare's, has a double plot. A twin brother and sister (Sebastian and Viola) are wrecked in a voyage in the same ship, and each (unknown to the other) is rescued.

The sister (Viola) is in love with the Duke of Illyria, upon whose coast she has been wrecked, and enters his service in disguise as a page. But the Duke is in love with a countess named Olivia, and sends the supposed page to carry his love messages to her. Olivia, however, complicates matters further by falling in love with the supposed page. Now Olivia's uncle, Sir Toby Belch, has a foolish and rather dissolute friend, named Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whom he is persuading to pay attentions to Olivia. The latter has vowed that she will mourn for her dead brother and receive no suitors for seven years; and Sir Toby, seeing his own candidate

discredited, and the page in favour with Olivia, picks a quarrel with the page, and in jest sets up Sir Andrew to fight him. Just as the duel is coming off, the friend of Viola's twin brother appears on the scene, and thinking that he sees Sebastian about to fight with a more experienced man than himself, he intervenes and rescues the supposed boy. Sir Andrew, however, is again spurred on to attack Viola, but this time falls in, not with Viola, but with her brother, who breaks Sir Andrew's head. Shortly after, this brother Sebastian meets Olivia and marries her secretly, Olivia, of course, mistaking him for his disguised sister. Next day the Duke, with Viola in attendance, comes to pay his addresses to Olivia. She begs Viola to declare the marriage, but Viola naturally denies it. During this complication Sebastian enters to make his apologies for the brawl with Sir Toby. Explanations ensue, and the Duke and Viola, and Sebastian and the Countess Olivia, are of course duly matched.

The second plot is much simpler. Olivia has a house steward named Malvolio, who has a very great dislike to Sir Toby Belch and his friend Sir Andrew Aguecheek, because they drink and make riot in the house. He remonstrates with them, and thus also incurs the enmity of Olivia's maid, Maria, for she is in love with Sir Toby. The result is, that Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, the fool Feste, and Maria, all join together in a conspiracy to punish him. Maria drops a letter in his way, purporting to be from her mistress, Olivia, expressing great affection for him, and begging him if he returned her love to smile at her, and to wear yellow stockings, and to appear cross-gartered. All these things Malvolio does, and the Countess supposes him mad. He is accordingly bound and put in a dark room, and exceedingly fooled by the Clown, who, however, at last carries a letter for him to

his mistress, which induces her to see him, and on his presenting the letter he picked up the mystery is made clear, and he goes off vowing vengeance. Fabian now declares Sir Toby's marriage with Maria.

Unlike the *Merchant of Venice*, in which the subordinate plot seems intended to relieve the strain of the principal one, this play, so far as plot is concerned, is all comedy, just as *King Lear*, so far as plot is concerned, is all tragedy. Yet, as in *King Lear* there are lighter touches and comic speeches here and there, so in *Twelfth Night* there are serious scenes and very pathetic speeches; for Shakespeare was far too deep a student of human nature, and of the circumstances and events of life, to write continuous tragedy like Racine, or unintermittent farce like Molière. Of pathetic speeches there are numbers; it is sufficient to cite "She never told her love," and the opening lines of the play, besides the earnest speech in which the Duke begs Cesario to stand at the gate, and not to be denied access to Olivia.

The love matters in this play are abundant, various, and interesting to a degree. Firstly, Viola's love for the Duke. It has been suggested (1) that Viola knew something of him before the play begins; (2) that she conceived her affection for him as soon as she heard the Captain talk about him; (3) that her affection for him grew up while she was serving him.

In the first case the suggestion seems to be founded upon the manner in which Viola receives the Captain's intimation that Orsino ruled in Illyria, as if there were a certain shyness in admitting that she had heard of him and wished covertly to lead the Captain on to say more about him, and especially to tell her whether he were married. But this seems to be overthrown by her desire to serve Olivia. For she appears to think that they have something in common, because they have each lost

brother. The idea of serving the Duke has the appearance of an afterthought.

On the second hypothesis it must be supposed that Viola wished to serve the Countess in order to have opportunities of seeing the Duke. This would make Viola somewhat addicted to self-torture; for to stand by and watch the man she loved paying attentions to another lady, while she was herself precluded by her position from intercourse with him, could lead to nothing but misery and despair. Now, judging by her good sense throughout, hers was not the character to indulge passive morbid regrets or jealousies.

The third hypothesis, then, seems the most probable, that Viola learned to love the Duke while she was serving him. The process, though rapid, is natural. Viola gains his heart quickly by her good service. She is musical, and the Duke being very fond of music, in three days she "is no stranger," as the other attendants observe, and so the Duke takes her into his full confidence, as he could not have done with a lady. This confidence inspires affection, and three days' service produces love.

The next love matter to be noticed is that of Olivia for Viola in her assumed character as page (Cesario). This is a very curious affair altogether, because Olivia is so dignified and stately a lady, and because Cesario's mission to her is so very unpleasing, that it might almost be expected to render the messenger distasteful. But Olivia is charmed by the frank modesty of the boy, and he takes her captive at once.

The Duke's hopeless passion for Olivia is very beautifully expressed all through. He at least follows his own maxim, that the man should be the elder, in marrying Viola at the end. Probably Olivia is nearer his own age.

Malvolio's love affair, which brings him into such

derision, and indeed puts him into ludicrous predicaments throughout, can hardly be regarded as genuine at all. It would appear that it was not the first time he had supposed that some lady loved him, from Maria's words, "It is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him."

Sir Toby Belch finds something congenial in Maria's love of the comic. Fabian is guilty of a good-natured untruth when he states that Sir Toby's "great importance" caused Maria to write the letter, and that he married her "in recompense;" for it is to be observed that Maria proposed the trick herself, and that Sir Toby admires her all through. He has many pet names for her, as "youngest wren of nine," "little villain," and so forth.

As regards Olivia's affection for Sebastian, one can but hope that he may daily become more and more like the twin-sister who did his wooing for him (he certainly does not resemble her greatly in character, though he is so like her in face), or that Olivia may change her standard a trifle, and prefer more masculine qualities.

To sum up. There are in this play no less than six love affairs going on at the same time, and it would seem that each pair of lovers is so absorbed in their own affairs (though in two of the cases one can hardly speak of *pairs* of lovers at all) that they are, as is so common in real life, unconscious of the others. The cases are then—

(1) A genuine and rather tragic one—Viola's affection for the Duke.

(2) An imaginary one—Olivia for Viola; which is exchanged for

(3) One at first sight—Sebastian and Olivia.

(4) A hopeless love affair—the Duke for Olivia.

(5) A spurious affair—the unfortunate Malvolio.

(6) A comic love affair—Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

The characters in *Twelfth Night* are all as distinct from each other, or from any that occur in other plays, as Shakespeare's invariably are.

Sir Toby Belch seldom appears on the stage entirely sober, and more than once he appears exceedingly drunk. When he is reasonably sober, but withal refreshed and cheered with a cup of sack, he is not only witty, but has the art of inventing and carrying out very ingenious devices. Indeed, such a delight does Sir Toby take in his little conspiracy for causing Sir Andrew and Viola each to be terrified by the other, that he actually sacrifices to it the last hope of carrying through another scheme, for bringing about a marriage between Sir Andrew and his niece; that is if he ever was really serious in that matter, and was not merely keeping Sir Andrew hanging on for the purpose of sponging upon him. Of his wit in his treatment of Sir Andrew there can be no question. Sir Andrew is so great a fool that, apart from Sir Toby, he must necessarily have been a very great bore; but Sir Toby has the power of drawing amusement even from the slow, unoriginal, imitative, thick-headed creature who acknowledges that "many do call him fool." This is done by flattering Sir Andrew's self-love at one time, and rousing his jealousy at another; setting him up to brag, and laughing at him when Maria "puts him down;" lashing him into rage (with a suggestion that he may safely vent it), and then rousing all his latent cowardice, and shewing up the abject fear of which the man can be capable. We may observe, however, that Sir Toby is faithful to his boon companion; he brags *for* Sir Andrew as well as provoking him to brag, and in act i. sc. 3 does not allow Maria to say any harm of him. There seems some sense of kindliness even in the man who takes grey Capilet on false pretences from his foolish friend, and who boasts, "I have been dear to him, lad, some two

thousand strong or two." Note his behaviour when Viola first begins to hope that her brother lives, and, torn with conflicting doubts, exclaims—

> "Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
> That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you."

As soon as he sees her sorrow he acts with kindliness and consideration, and draws Sir Andrew and Fabian away that she may be alone with her grief—"Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian," etc. Sir Toby is by birth a gentleman, and commonly his gentlemanly instincts come to the front as here; but having spent all his life in carousing, he naturally falls somewhat from his original social position. Sir Toby's marriage with Maria does credit to his good sense. It seems improbable that he could have married a lady if he had wished it, or that happiness would have accrued to either party from such a contract. Sir Toby preferred the company of his intellectual inferior as a friend, and it appears natural that he should choose his social inferior as a wife. It is remarkable that while Sir Toby, in his indignation with Malvolio, is helping Maria in her trick, so that he may avenge himself, on the other hand he is unconsciously falling into her toils. It is worth while briefly to compare the character of Sir Toby Belch and that of Sir John Falstaff, as they present not only ludicrous points of resemblance, but also curious contrasts.

Falstaff is represented as incessantly drinking. He commonly appears with his bottle; he even carries it with him to battle. Yet there is no instance of his appearing in an actually drunken condition at all. And even in the scene in which he is represented as carousing deeply with Shallow and Silence, he speaks less than either of the others, and is the only sober member of the party when suddenly called upon to break up the

sitting. There is, however, one occasion on which it seems doubtful how far he has committed himself, for he comes in singing, and drives Pistol away with a sword. But here he is sufficiently in his senses to be amenable to reason, and leaves regretfully to lead his soldiers away. He never loses command of himself. In this respect he is a marked contrast to Sir Toby, who is as noisy as any in the carouse which offends the whole house.

If Sir Toby is witty and ingenious, Falstaff is also witty, ingenious, and impudent. His impertinences to Judge Gascoigne are surpassingly clever; his sense of the comic never deserts him, not even when he is afraid for his very life. Falstaff bears away the palm for humour. While, however, Sir Toby is encouraging Sir Andrew to display his own vanity and clumsiness in "capering," Sir John cannot resist twitting himself upon his own unwieldy bulk and want of funds, in the speech in which he suggests that anyone who doubts his power of "capering" should bet him one thousand crowns on the subject, and lend him the money. Sir Toby makes a butt of Sir Andrew, but Sir John is a butt both to Prince Henry and to himself. If we find some kindliness in the sodden Sir Toby, we find a certain good humour about fat Jack, and an ingenuity and merriment in the way in which he gets himself out of a difficulty, or, when the case is perfectly hopeless, as at the end of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, accepts the position and makes the best of it.

To summarize:

Sir Toby is witty, ingenious, scheming, and drunken, faithful to his friend, and honourable in his dealing with the woman he loves, though so far lost to self-respect, that he can behave disgracefully before the rich niece, whom it would be good policy to conciliate. Still his

irresistible humour and his uproarious fun will always make us like him, with all his faults.

Falstaff is witty, ingenious, full of humour, self-conscious, shows immense effrontery, but is "a coward, a most devout coward religious in it," is selfish but good-humoured. He has lost all self-respect, as shown in his dealings with the recruits, in his efforts to get money or position for the valour he does not possess, and in his amours, which cover him with obloquy and dishonour.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek is a fitting name for "an ass-head, a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave and a gull," the poor creature who is the mere echo of Sir Toby in word and deed throughout the play; one who considers Sir Toby quite the best model to copy. He is *imprimis* a fool, next a fool to be such a coward, and further a bigger fool to be so quarrelsome when he is so cowardly. He is indeed a fool of many kinds. Though he would fain believe himself a good dancer, clever, and brave, yet at times he has misgivings of his powers; for he recognizes himself as "a foolish knight" when Malvolio makes use of that expression, and freely admits to Sir Toby and Fabian, "many do call me fool."

Feste, the jester, the "corrupter of words," is a perfect philosopher in his way; he is a man who can more clearly descry the faults and follies of others, and ridicule them, than anyone else in the play. He holds his own for individuality of character; he is, for instance, utterly unlike the fool in *King Lear*. He is fond of drink, and is a bold beggar, obtaining money from Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Sebastian. He is a born actor; witness his management of the part of Sir Topas, and the way he takes off affectations of expression.

Malvolio is represented as a thoroughly honest and conscientious servant, and one who is implicitly trusted by his mistress, and is worthy of her confidence in every

respect. The worst accusation that Olivia ever brings against him is, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio!" and her appreciation of his services is shown by her remark when she is afraid that he is mad: "Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry." Still his whole bearing shows an inclination to tyrannize. There are four points worth notice:

(1) He wants tact or good sense, otherwise he would not have made enemies of the greater part of the household.

(2) He is ridiculously vain, thus giving occasion for practical jokes.

(3) He is presumptuous in the extreme, and his want of appreciation of character again comes out when he imagines so dignified a lady as Olivia would act like the Lady of the Strachy.

(4) He shows an intention of behaving under his desired dignities with overbearing pride.

All these points Maria seizes.

(1) Draws others into the conspiracy against him.

(2) Writes the letter which appeals to his vanity.

(3) Leads him to display his presumption before the Countess.

(4) Lets Sir Toby hear his insolence from his own mouth.

Malvolio thus appears either as a man to be laughed at for his follies, and to be justly held in ridicule for his insufferable conceit, or he poses as a martyr on account of the very severe treatment he receives for yielding for the moment to the temptation of his besetting sin. Lamb seems somewhat to have adopted the latter view, and has drawn a very favourable picture of Malvolio. This was probably due to his accepting the reading of a particular actor, viz., Bensley. In the first instance

Lamb considers that Malvolio's rebuke to the drinking party is sensible and spirited, but there is surely a want of sense in speaking so disrespectfully to "my lady's kinsman" and his friend. He addresses them as "my masters," and accuses them of turning Olivia's house into an alehouse, and singing cozier's catches. All this is not in Olivia's message, which he proceeds to deliver with, "*I* must be round with you." Further, he rebukes Maria; not content with offending the drinkers, he must needs make an enemy of the lady's maid, over whom he is unable to establish his authority. This conduct seems more injudicious and bumptious than sensible and spirited. The Duke's expression, "Pursue him and entreat him to a peace" is surely rather the effect of the tradition that a comedy ends with a general making up of wrongs than an intimation of estimable qualities on his part. "He argues," says Lamb, "highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas." True; he appears to have had some education, and he may well make the best of it in the hope of getting released from chains, darkness, and straw. But should not this very education have taught him to speak civilly to Cesario, a gentleman and a friend of the Countess?

Malvolio is "sick of self-love." This is what renders him "cold, austere, and repelling." But his coldness degenerates into rudeness, and his austerity into tyranny; for he adopts a bullying tone towards the licensed fool, and he intends, as he expresses himself in the soliloquy, which is listened to from the box-tree, to behave very superciliously, as soon as he shall get the opportunity, to his betters in position. That with these qualities he should be repellant is not wonderful.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, is represented as the victim of an unrequited attachment. He is calm and dignified, as befits his high station, and is a cultured gentleman,

with a strong love of music. His tone of mind is melancholy and despondent. He needs a confidante and sympathy, and gets both from Viola.

It is a somewhat favourite expedient of Shakespeare's to clothe his female characters in men's attire. Portia, Imogen, and Rosalind all adopted it for different reasons. Of these three characters, the one whose surrounding circumstances are least unlike Viola's is Rosalind. But Rosalind is loquacious where Viola sighs in silence, and she has far less self-command; for she faints at a catastrophe, whereas Viola remains calm. Viola's wit is perhaps a trifle forced at times, but Rosalind's is ready at a moment's notice, and flows on uninterruptedly. Her love is more *realistic* than Viola's. Viola's has a higher tone and a different standard altogether—the one being the kind of passion a girl might be expected to entertain towards a lover who was a good wrestler; the other the affection of a lady for a highly-cultured and fastidious gentleman.

Viola's grief for Sebastian does not cause her to brood, or make her mind less active. She is very prompt in conceiving her project, and carries it out with remarkable determination. While her ready wit teaches her to simulate well the saucy boy, her womanly tenderness reveals itself in many pathetic speeches. She is, as she declares, "very comptible;" and, as Sebastian said of her, "she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair." It is only the self-loving Malvolio that finds her "of a very ill manner."

Comparing Viola with Olivia, it is to be noticed that Olivia is filled with a morbid grief for her brother. She makes a luxury of woe, and the fool gives her his opinion pretty strongly on the subject. Feste, the professional jester, however, fails entirely in rousing her to a contest of wit. This is left for Viola to do. Viola breaks down

the wall of separation which Olivia has raised up between herself and other suitors when bowed down by her sorrow, and disgusted with Sir Toby's choice of a candidate for her hand.

Viola proves to her that, though Orsino cannot replace the dead brother, yet her heart is not so entirely buried in his grave but that it may yet be awakened to love. Olivia's tone of mind is essentially dignified, and her grief adds calmness to dignity. Yet she necessarily gives Cesario the hint of her own affection for him, because she has the advantage of him by position. Hence we have the singular spectacle of a stately lady of high position making advances to a page! Her favourable impression of him dates from the discovery that he is a gentleman, and it would follow, from what has been said, that the intimacy between two such characters had in it no element of familiarity.

To conclude. Viola is affectionate, prompt, determined, modest, and witty. She has a quick appreciation of character, and can make herself master of circumstances. Viola has a true sense of pathos.

Olivia is also affectionate, but her sense of pathos is morbid, and makes her languid. She does not make herself master of circumstances, but is led by them. Olivia's innate dignity causes her to resolve not to be followed by a tribe of suitors, but she is overcome and led captive at once by Cesario.

Sebastian bears but a faint resemblance to Viola. In place of her saucy words he has a ready weapon. There is a trifle of similarity in the way in which each takes the supposed death of the other—Viola by implication wishing herself in Elysium with her dead brother, and Sebastian saying he and his sister were born in the same hour, "Would we had so ended." But Viola is more ideal, and her speeches flow naturally in verse; while

Sebastian is more realistic, and his conversation is principally prose. He has not Viola's merry wit.

The friendship between Antonio and Sebastian is as strongly marked as that between Antonio and Bassanio in the *Merchant of Venice.* Antonio and Bassanio are, however, more like equals, and possibly are contemporaries. When Bassanio gets into debt he borrows of Antonio as a friend, addresses him in dissuasion of his signing the "merry bond" as an equal, and looks to him for sympathy in his own love affairs. When the catastrophe is impending, Antonio expects Bassanio to be present, not from any hope of his bringing aid, but to be a support and comfort in the moment of affliction. Bassanio has the resources of a man at command, and does all he can to extricate his friend from the dilemma into which he has brought him. Antonio offers Bassanio "purse, person," and all he has but honour; stakes his credit for him, runs every risk, and, having rescued Bassanio from his difficulties, is prepared to die with dignity and resignation, if only he is sustained by the presence of the man for whom he has done so much. Antonio of *Twelfth Night,* on the other hand, rescues the life of his young fellow-passenger by a bold feat of activity. Impelled by a desire for sympathy, the boy confides to him those personal matters which Antonio is too delicate to inquire into. This touches Antonio's heart, and he extends to the young Sebastian a sort of elder-brotherly protection throughout; gives him money, finds him a lodging, runs into danger in the street seeking him, and finally gets thrown into prison while defending him with the sword.

The merchant *suffers* for his friend; Antonio of *Twelfth Night acts* in his friend's behalf; but this is rather due to the different positions in life that they respectively occupy, than to difference of disposition.

Sebastian and Bassanio both get their friend into difficulties, the one from the impetuousness of youth, the other gradually overwhelmed by accumulated misfortunes of his own. Here again the difference is rather one of circumstance.

Maria is pert and imperious always, and a crafty schemer. She has very considerable powers of repartee, which she exercises freely on Sir Andrew. Of Sir Toby she is fond from the beginning, though she scolds him in the first scene in which they appear together. In another scene she tries at first to calm his drunken excitement, but cannot resist bringing him more drink when he calls for it, apparently with the intention of annoying Malvolio. She originates the trick upon the house-steward, and leaves the credit of it to Sir Toby and his friends, whether because she is afraid of Olivia's anger, or because she would ingratiate herself with Sir Toby, does not appear. The final conclusion is inevitable. She succeeds in her aim, and marries him. One may prognosticate that his affection will last; for she will establish a complete ascendancy over him, and will govern him kindly and firmly—hers being obviously the ruling mind of the two.

Of this comedy Halliwell-Phillipps says: "The perfection of English comedy, and the most fascinating drama in the language. . . . . It was appreciated at an early period as one of the author's most popular creations. There is not only the testimony of Manningham—a student of the Middle Temple, who saw it performed, and wrote of it in his diary—in its favour, but Leonard Digges, in the verses describing this most attractive of Shakespeare's acting dramas, expressly alludes to the estimation in which the part of Malvolio was held by the frequenters of the theatre."

In 1703 there appeared *Twelfth Night* altered, entitled *Love Betray'd; or, The Agreeable Disappointment*, a Comedy. By C. Burnaby.

In 1787, *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.* Taken from the Manager's Book at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

And in 1792, *Twelfth Night.* Printed conformable to the Representation [at the Theatre, Drury Lane] under the inspection of J. Wrighten, Prompter.

While in 1815 there was published a revised version by J. P. Kemble, as acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1811.

Many other acting editions have been published since, and these all tend to show the popularity of the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, also called the Count.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea-Captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, sister to Sebastian; when disguised appears as Cesario.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CURIO. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?

CAPT. This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?

CAPT. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA. Oh, my poor brother! and so perchance may he be

CAPT. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you 1
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
CAPT. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
VIOLA. Who governs here?
CAPT. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
VIOLA. What is his name?
CAPT. Orsino.
VIOLA. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
CAPT. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
VIOLA. What's she?
CAPT. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.
VIOLA. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
CAPT. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
VIOLA. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.

What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPT. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR TOBY. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her "except before excepted."

MARIA. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

SIR TOBY. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA. Ay, he.

SIR TOBY. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA. What's that to the purpose? 20

SIR TOBY. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the *viol-de-gamboys*, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 3

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 42

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR ANDREW. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW. Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW. What's that?

SIR TOBY. My niece's chambermaid. 50

SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TOBY. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. 61

SIR ANDREW. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MARIA. Now, sir, "thought is free:" I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor? 71

MARIA. It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA. A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Are you full of them?

MARIA. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit*

SIR TOBY. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down? 80

SIR ANDREW. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY. No question.

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. Pourquoi, my dear knight? 89

SIR ANDREW. What is "pourquoi"? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TOBY. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW. But it becomes me well enough, does't not? 100

SIR TOBY. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 111

SIR TOBY. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY. And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR ANDREW. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. 120

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under a star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels? 131

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

VAL. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIOLA. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow 20
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.
VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
DUKE. Oh, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.
DUKE. Dear lad, believe it; 30
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, 40
To call his fortunes thine.
VIOLA. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

MARIA. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
CLOWN. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.
MARIA. Make that good.
CLOWN. He shall see none to fear.
MARIA. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.' 10
CLOWN. Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLOWN. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLOWN. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. 20

MARIA. You are resolute, then?

CLOWN. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLOWN. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

CLOWN. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." 34

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA. Take the fool away.

CLOWN. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest. 39

CLOWN. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away. 50

OLIVIA. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLOWN. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucul-

lus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA. Can you do it?

CLOWN. Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLIVIA. Make your proof.

CLOWN. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me. 60

OLIVIA. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

CLOWN. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLOWN. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 71

MAL. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLOWN. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA. How say you to that, Malvolio? 79

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLIVIA. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 9

CLOWN. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA. From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended. 100

OLIVIA. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLOWN. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater. 112

Enter SIR TOBY.

OLIVIA. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY. A gentleman.

OLIVIA. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TOBY. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

CLOWN. Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy? 121

SIR TOBY. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA. Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

OLIVIA. What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him. 130

OLIVIA. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

CLOWN. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial. 142

OLIVIA. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no. 151

OLIVIA. Of what personage and years is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

OLIVIA. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA *and* Attendants.

VIOLA. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage. 171

OLIVIA. Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA. I can say little more than I have studied, and

that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA. Are you a comedian?

VIOLA. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? 180

OLIVIA. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

VIOLA. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical. 190

OLIVIA. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIOLA. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA. Tell me your mind. 200

VIOLA. I am a messenger.

OLIVIA. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIOLA. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation. 212

OLIVIA. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt* MARIA *and* Attendants. Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA. Most sweet lady,—

OLIVIA. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart. 222

OLIVIA. Oh, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.* 230

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

VIOLA. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. 238

OLIVIA. Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: Oh, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLIVIA. How does he love me?

VIOLA. With adorations, fertile tears, 250
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;

He might have took his answer long ago.
VIOLA. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life, 260
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
OLIVIA. Why, what would you?
VIOLA. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth, 270
But you should pity me!
OLIVIA. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
VIOLA. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
OLIVIA. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
VIOLA. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense. 280
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
OLIVIA. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague? 290
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, 300
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.
MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
OLIVIA. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned. 20

ANT. Alas the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe

that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble. 30

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 40
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

MAL. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. 10

VIOLA. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

VIOLA. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly. 20

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! 30
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.* 40

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

SIR ANDREW. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, so they say: but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. 11

SIR TOBY. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

SIR ANDREW. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLOWN. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"?

SIR TOBY. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 24

CLOWN. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

CLOWN. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY. A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

CLOWN. [*Sings.*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low: 40
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY. Good, good.

CLOWN. [*Sings.*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty, 50
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY. A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?

shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch. 60

CLOWN. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

CLOWN. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy peace."

CLOWN. I shall never begin if I hold my peace. 69

SIR ANDREW. Good, i'faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

CLOWN. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 82

SIR TOBY. [*Sings*] "Oh, the twelfth day of December,"—

MARIA. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 91

SIR TOBY. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her

kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." 101

MARIA. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MAL. Is't even so?

SIR TOBY. "But I will never die."

CLOWN. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY. "Shall I bid him go?"

CLOWN. "What an if you do?"

SIR TOBY. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?" 110

CLOWN. "Oh, no, no, no, no, you dare not!"

SIR TOBY. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLOWN. Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TOBY. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

MARIA. Go shake your ears. 123

SIR ANDREW. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him. 137

MARIA. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR ANDREW. Oh, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog! 140

SIR TOBY. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

SIR ANDREW. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 151

SIR TOBY. What wilt thou do?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY. Excellent! I smell a device. 160

SIR ANDREW. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR ANDREW. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW. Oh, 't will be admirable! 169

MARIA. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW. Before me, she 's a good wench.

SIR TOBY. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR ANDREW. I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money. 181

SIR ANDREW. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR ANDREW. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

CURIO. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it? 10

CURIO. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO. *Music plays.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat 20
Where Love is throned.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is 't?

VIOLA. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him, 30
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.
VIOLA. I think it well, my lord.
DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.
VIOLA. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

DUKE. O fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
CLOWN. Are you ready, sir?
DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.* 50

SONG.

CLOWN. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown; 60
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

DUKE. There's for thy pains.
CLOWN. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
CLOWN. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another. 71
DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.
CLOWN. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*
DUKE. Let all the rest give place.
[CURIO *and* Attendants *retire.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: 80
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.
VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir?
DUKE. I cannot be so answered.
VIOLA. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 90
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answered?
DUKE. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea, 100
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
VIOLA. Ay, but I know—
DUKE. What dost thou know?
VIOLA. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, 110
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not. 121
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew? 11

SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun

practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.* 22

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

SIR TOBY. Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN. Oh, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes! 32

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. 40

SIR ANDREW. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN. Oh, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TOBY. Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone! 50

FABIAN. Oh, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN. Oh, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,— 61

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TOBY. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,"—

SIR TOBY. What, what? 71

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TOBY. Out, scab!

FABIAN. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

SIR ANDREW. That's me, I warrant you.

MAL. "One Sir Andrew,"—

SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here? 80

[*Taking up the letter.*

FABIAN. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY. Oh, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

MAL. [*Reads*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:"—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN. This wins him, liver and all. 92

MAL. [*Reads*]

Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY. Marry, hang thee, brock!
MAL. [*Reads*]

I may command where I adore; 100
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FABIAN. A fustian riddle!
SIR TOBY. Excellent wench, say I.
MAL. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
FABIAN. What dish o' poison has she dressed him?
SIR TOBY. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
MAL. "I may command where I adore." Why she may command me: I serve her: she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,— 115
SIR TOBY. Oh, ay, make up that; he is now at a cold scent.
FABIAN. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.
MAL. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.
FABIAN. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults. 121
MAL. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.
FABIAN. And O shall end, I hope.
SIR TOBY. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!
MAL. And then I comes behind.
FABIAN. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.
MAL. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 133
[*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough

and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly wi
servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; p
thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises th
that sighs for thee. Remember who commended t
yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cros
gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made,
thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a stewa
still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to tou
Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter s
vices with thee, "THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."
Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is ope
I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baf
Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will
point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself,
let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to th
that my lady loves me. She did commend my yello
stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cros
gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my lov
and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habi
of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will
strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garteret
even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my sta
be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 1
[*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am.
thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smilin
thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presen
still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everythi
that thou wilt have me. [*Ex*

FABIAN. I will not give my part of this sport for
pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 1

SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this device

SIR ANDREW. So could I too.

SIR TOBY. And ask no other dowry with her but su
another jest.

SIR ANDREW. Nor I neither.

FABIAN. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW. Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, a
become thy bond-slave? 1

SIR ANDREW. I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MARIA. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MARIA. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me. 193

SIR TOBY. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLOWN. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA. Art thou a churchman?

CLOWN. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

CLOWN. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLOWN. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA. Why, man?

CLOWN. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIOLA. Thy reason, man?

CLOWN. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without word and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and care for nothing.

CLOWN. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no fool; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLOWN. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLOWN. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

CLOWN. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

CLOWN. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, beggin but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is "over-worn." [*Exit*

VIOLA. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY. Save you, gentleman.
VIOLA. And you, sir.
SIR ANDREW. Dieu vous garde, monsieur. 70
VIOLA. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
SIR ANDREW. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
SIR TOBY. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
SIR TOBY. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
VIOLA. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
SIR TOBY. I mean, to go, sir, to enter. 80
VIOLA. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
SIR ANDREW. That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;" well.
VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
SIR ANDREW. "Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed:" I'll get 'em all three all ready. 90
OLIVIA. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.
VIOLA. My duty, madam, and most humble service.
OLIVIA. What is your name?
VIOLA. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
OLIVIA. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
VIOLA. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam. 101
OLIVIA. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

VIOLA. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
OLIVIA. Oh, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
VIOLA. Dear lady,—
OLIVIA. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, 110
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown : a cypress, not a bosom, 120
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
VIOLA. I pity you.
OLIVIA. That 's a degree to love.
VIOLA. No, not a grize ; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLIVIA. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf ! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you : 130
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.
VIOLA. Then westward-ho !
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship !
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLIVIA. Stay :
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIOLA. That you do think you are not what you are.
OLIVIA. If I think so, I think the same of you. 139
VIOLA. Then think you right : I am not what I am.
OLIVIA. I would you were as I would have you be !
VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
OLIVIA. Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, 150
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
VIOLA. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more 160
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLIVIA. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayest move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

SIR ANDREW. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.
SIR TOBY. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
FABIAN. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
SIR ANDREW. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
SIR TOBY. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
SIR ANDREW. As plain as I see you now.
FABIAN. This was a great argument of love in her toward you. 11
SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?
FABIAN. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
SIR TOBY. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.
FABIAN. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,

to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician. 30

SIR TOBY. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

FABIAN. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 39

SIR TOBY. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

SIR ANDREW. Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go. 50

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

FABIAN. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FABIAN. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

SIR TOBY. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. 60

FABIAN. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY. And cross-gartered? 70

MARIA. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

SIR TOBY. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:

But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town? 19
ANT. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
ANT. Would you'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.
SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people.
ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
SEB. Do not then walk too open.
ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
SEB. Why I your purse?
ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
ANT. To the Elephant.
SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt.* 50

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

OLIVIA. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.

I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLIVIA. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? 10

MARIA. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

OLIVIA. Go call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 19

MAL. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

OLIVIA. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? 29

MAL. To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request! yes, nightingales answer daws.

MARIA. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

OLIVIA. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great,"—

OLIVIA. Ha! 40

MAL. "Some achieve greatness,"—

OLIVIA. What sayest thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

OLIVIA. Thy yellow stockings!

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLIVIA. Cross-gartered!

MAL. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

OLIVIA. Am I made? 51

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLIVIA. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

SERV. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

MAL. Oho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 80

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him. 90

MAL. Aha! does she so?

SIR TOBY. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MARIA. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

MAL. How now, mistress!

MARIA. O Lord! 101

SIR TOBY. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FABIAN. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir!

SIR TOBY. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier! 111

MARIA. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx!

MARIA. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY. Is 't possible?

FABIAN. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. 121

SIR TOBY. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FABIAN. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see! 134

Enter SIR ANDREW.

FABIAN. More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIAN. Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TOBY. Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow." 141

FABIAN. Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

FABIAN. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

FABIAN. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me"——

FABIAN. Good.

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

FABIAN. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good. 158

SIR TOBY. [*Reads*] "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give it him.

MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! 174

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

FABIAN. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 191

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

OLIVIA. I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

OLIVIA. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; 200
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

VIOLA. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

OLIVIA. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA. I will acquit you.

OLIVIA. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

SIR TOBY. Gentleman, God save thee. 210

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIOLA. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 220

SIR TOBY. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIOLA. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't. 231

VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 243

VIOLA. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

VIOLA. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more. 253

VIOLA. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.* 263

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 272

SIR ANDREW. Plague on 't, an' I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 280

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FABIAN] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY. [*To* VIOLA] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath's sake: marry, he hath better

bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN. Give ground, if you see him furious. 292

SIR TOBY. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

SIR ANDREW. Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman 300
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TOBY. You, sir! why, what are you?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

FABIAN. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TOBY. [*To* ANT.] I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, will I, sir: and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well. 312

FIRST OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

SECOND OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

ANT. I must obey. [*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you: 320
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

SECOND OFF. Come, sir, away.

ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here, 330
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIOLA. I know of none; 340
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love, ...ust thou now?
And to his image, which methought, ...thy sword.
Most venerable worth, did I devy, then I must have an
FIRST OFF. What's that. ... blood from you.
away!

ANT. But oh, how vi*nter* OLIVIA.
Thou hast, Sebastian...y: on thy life I charge thee, hold!
In nature there's ...um!
None can be call't be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Virtue is beau...ntains and the barbarous caves,
Are empty ...ers ne'er were preached! out of my sight!
FIRST ...nded, dear Cesario. 50
..., be gone!

AN... [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

V... I prithee, gentle friend,

That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TOBY. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIOLA. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went 370
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR ANDREW. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword. 381

SIR ANDREW. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

FABIAN. Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The street before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

SIR ANDREW.
mised you, I'll be as [illegible] make me believe that I am not sent
easily and reins well.

FIRST OFF. This is the man; [illegible] a foolish fellow:

SECOND OFF. Antonio, I arrest [illegible]! No, I do not know
Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir. [illegible] my lady, to bid you

FIRST OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know yo[illegible]me is not Master
Though now you have no sea-cap on your h[illegible]. Nothing that
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

ANT. I must obey. [*To* VIOLA.] This co[illegible]se: I
seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. word o
What will you do, now my necessity [illegible]nt m
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me wil

prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment. 20

CLOWN. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

SIR ANDREW. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

SEB. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad? [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 29

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY. Come on, sir; hold.

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on. 40

SEB. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA. Hold, Toby: on thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY. Madam!

OLIVIA. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario. 50
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go :
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream? 60
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA. Nay, come, I prithee ; would thou 'dst be ruled by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLIVIA. Oh, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

MARIA. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard ; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate : do it quickly ; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

CLOWN. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't ; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student ; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

Enter SIR TOBY *and* ~~MARIA~~.

SIR TOBY. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

CLOWN. Bonos dies, Sir Toby : for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorbodoc, "That that is, is ;" so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson ; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

SIR TOBY. To him, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. What ho, I say! peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

MAL. [*Within*] Who calls there? 20

CLOWN. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLOWN. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY. Well said, Master Parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLOWN. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark? 33

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark. 40

CLOWN. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLOWN. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MAL. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. 51

CLOWN. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLOWN. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 60

CLOWN. Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TOBY. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

CLOWN. [*Singing*] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, 70
Tell me how thy lady does."

MAL. Fool!

CLOWN. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

MAL. Fool!

CLOWN. "Alas, why is she so?"

MAL. Fool, I say!

CLOWN. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

CLOWN. Master Malvolio? 81

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLOWN. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLOWN. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 90

CLOWN. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MAL. Sir Topas!

CLOWN. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

CLOWN. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you. 101

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLOWN. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

MAL. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLOWN. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit? 111

MAL. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLOWN. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MAL. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

CLOWN. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice, 120
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, aha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,

She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't 20
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Priest.

OLIVIA. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say?

SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The street before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

FABIAN. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLOWN. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN. Anything.

CLOWN. Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLOWN. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

CLOWN. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends. 11

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLOWN. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

CLOWN. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 21

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLOWN. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

CLOWN. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. Oh, you give me ill counsel.

CLOWN. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. 30

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

CLOWN. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play: and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. 40

CLOWN. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

VIOLA. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of, 50
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable:
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, 60
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me;
I know not what 't was but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, 70
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town; 80
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removèd thing
While one could wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord: and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy, 91
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me:
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
OLIVIA. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
VIOLA. Madam! 100
DUKE. Gracious Olivia,—
OLIVIA. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
VIOLA. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
OLIVIA. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
DUKE. Still so cruel?
OLIVIA. Still so constant, lord.
DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out 110
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?
OLIV. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still; 120
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
VIOLA. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
OLIVIA. Where goes Cesario?
VIOLA. After him I love 130
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLIVIA. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
VIOLA. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
OLIVIA. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
DUKE. Come, away!
OLIVIA. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
DUKE. Husband!
OLIVIA. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
DUKE. Her husband, sirrah!
VIOLA. No, my lord, not I. 141
OLIVIA. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

Oh, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know 150
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
DUKE. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case? 161
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
VIOLA. My lord, I do protest—
OLIVIA. Oh, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

SIR ANDREW. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. What's the matter? 170

SIR ANDREW. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario? 179

SIR ANDREW. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did. 190

DUKE. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

SIR TOBY. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLOWN. Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together. 201

SIR TOBY. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

OLIVIA. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows 210
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANT. Sebastian are you?

SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? 220

OLIVIA. Most wonderful!

SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb: 230
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

SEB. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

VIOLA. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB. And so had mine.

VIOLA. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years. 241

SEB. Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town, 250
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEB. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood. 260
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To* VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action 271
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.
How does he, sirrah? 279

CLOWN. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given't to you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA. Open't, and read it.

CLOWN. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam,"—

OLIVIA. How now! art thou mad?

CLOWN. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

OLIVIA. Prithee, read i' thy right wits. 295

CLOWN. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

FABIAN. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

OLIVIA. Did he write this? 305

CLOWN. Ay, madam.

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.

OLIVIA. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife, 310
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To* VIOLA] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN *with* MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLIVIA. Ay, my lord, the same. 320
How now, Malvolio?

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA. Have I, Malvolio? no.

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, 330
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

OLIVIA. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand. 340
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour, 350
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd 360
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLIVIA. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

CLOWN. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them."

I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:" and thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges. 369

MAL. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

OLIVIA. He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen. 380

[*Exeunt all, but* CLOWN.

CLOWN. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate, 385
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 390
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads, 395
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

NOTES

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *The Duke's palace.*

IN French's acting edition of this play scenes 1 and 2 are interchanged, scene 2 being played first, and consequently called scene 1.

1 *Food of love.* Cp. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5. 1–2—

"Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love."

4 *A dying fall.* A cadence, a musical term signifying the close of a passage or phrase, and which commonly includes the transition from a dissonant to a consonant sound. *Dying*, a diminution of sound, technically expressed by *diminuendo.* (KNIGHT.)

5 *Sweet sound.* Pope altered *sound* into *south.* Rowe proposed to read *wind;* while Douce says the wind, from whatever quarter, would produce a sound in breathing on the violets, or else the simile is false; besides, *sound* is a better relative to the antecedent *strain.* This seems the correct interpretation.

9 *Quick and fresh.* 'Lively and fickle.'

12 *Validity.* 'Value.' Cp. *All's Well that Ends Well*, v. 3. 191–93—

"O behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel."

Also cp. *King Lear*, i. 1. 83, "No less in space, validity, and pleasure," &c.

Pitch. 'Height,' or 'excellence.'

Soe'er. Notice the rhyme.

14 *Shapes.* Cp. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 14–17—

"And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Fancy. 'Love.' Cp. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 164, "In maiden meditation, fancy-free," where *fancy-free* means 'free from love.' See Glossary.

15 *Alone.* 'Above everything else.'

High fantastical. 'Supremely fanciful.' There is a play on the word *fancy*. For *high* in this sense cp. *All's Well that Ends Well*, v. 3. 36–37—

"My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon me."

20 *Methought she purged the air of pestilence.* A beautiful way of expressing her divinity. Cp. *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 168–70— "The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here!"

21 *Hart.* An allusion to the story of Actæon and Diana. Actæon was changed into a stag, and devoured by his own hounds, for looking at Diana when bathing.

22 *Fell.* 'Ferocious.' Cp. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 219, "At one fell swoop?"

26 *Element.* 'The sky.' So used in *Henry V.* iv. 1. 107, "The element shows to him as it doth to me." Also cp. *Comus*, 299, "Gay creatures of the element."

Seven years' heat. 'Until the heat of seven years has gone by.'

30 *To season.* 'To preserve.' Notice the metaphor.

32 *Remembrance.* Notice that *remembrance* is a quadrisyllable here. So also in *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 30, "Let your remembrance apply to Banquo."

33–34 *That fine frame to pay.* 'Of such a tender sensibility as to pay.' *As* is often omitted by Shakespeare after *that*, when *that* means 'so' or 'such.'

35 Cp. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 169–70—

"I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head."

Golden shaft. Cupid had two arrows. The one, tipped with gold, caused love; the other, tipped with lead, drove love away.

37 *Liver, brain, and heart.* "In the old medicine the three principal parts of the body were *liver*, *heart*, and *brain*, in which were begotten respectively the *natural*, *vital*, and *animal* (or *rational*) *spirits*, by which the soul performed all its actions. Burton calls the heart king, the brain privy counsellour and chancellour, and the liver legate *a latere*. Another name for them was 'the tripod of life.' Cp. *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 14, where the king calls Belarius and the two boys 'the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.'" (Mr. BEECHING's note in Falcon Series on *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 82.)

39 (*Her sweet perfections*). Knight's reading and explanation

has been adopted here. "The phrase ought probably to be 'her sweet *perfection*.' The filling of 'the sovereign thrones' with 'one self king' is the perfection of Olivia's merits, according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with a 'self king.'"

Perfections is a quadrisyllable here, as in i. 5. 291.

One self king. 'One single king of herself.'

41 'Shady bowers form a luxurious bed in which to indulge day-dreams of love.' A canopy was a covering for a rich man's bed, hence the force of "love-thoughts lie rich."

Scene 2.

2 *Illyria.* Illyria is a country bordering on the Adriatic, and opposite Italy.

4 *Elysium.* Note the jingle on the words *Illyria* and *Elysium.*

5 *Perchance.* Notice the different ways this word is used.

10 *Those poor number.* Rowe has *that.* Malone shows that *this* would be a better reading, as the sailors who were saved enter with the captain. *Number* is here used as a plural noun.

15 *Arion on the dolphin's back.* See article "Arion" in *Classical Dictionary.*

19–21 'My own escape makes me hope, and your words countenance that hope, that he too may have escaped.' *The like,* 'the escape.'

21 *Country.* "*R* and liquids in dissyllables are frequently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant.

"'The líke | of hím. | Knów'st thou | this coún | t(*e*)rý?'"

See Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar* (described hereafter as *Sh. Gr.*), §477—in which, however, the word *like* appears as *life.*

27 *Orsino.* This was the name of one of the great Italian families.

35 *What's she? What* used in the way we employ *who.*

40–41 *Company and sight.* Hanmer's correction of "sight and company."

42 "I wish I might not be made public to the world with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design." (Johnson.) Johnson draws attention to the rapidity with which Viola forms her plot, and to the fact that when she cannot serve the lady, she at once proposes to serve the Duke. Monck Mason remarks that, though her first idea is to be introduced to him as a eunuch, she is finally introduced as a page.

53 *Conceal me what I am.* "Instead of saying, 'I know

what you are,' in which the object of the verb 'I know' is the clause 'what you are,' Shakespeare frequently introduces before the dependent clause another object, so as to make the dependent clause a mere explanation of the object. 'I know you what you are,' *Lear*, i. 1. 272. 'I see you what you are,' *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 269. 'Conceal me what I am,' *ib.* i. 2. 53." (*Sh. Gr.* § 414.)

59 *Allow.* 'Approve.' See Glossary.

62 *Mute.* A Turkish slave who had had his tongue cut out, in order to make him dumb, and prevent his revealing secrets. Cp. *Henry V.* i. 2. 231–32— "Or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth."

Scene 3.

5 *Cousin.* Here used for *niece.* The word was applied to nephews, nieces, grandchildren, &c.

5–6 *Takes great exceptions.* 'Expresses great displeasure at.'

7 "A ludicrous use of the formal law phrase, 'Those things being excepted which were before excepted.'"

10–11 *I'll confine myself no finer than I am.* 'I will not put on new tight-fitting clothes.' *Finer* conveys a double meaning, that of 'thinner' and 'smarter.'

12 *An.* 'If.' *An*, when it means 'if,' is commonly spelt *and* in the Bible, especially where it occurs with a redundant *if.* Cp. *Matt.* xxiv. 48, "But and if that evil servant shall say," &c. See Glossary.

19 *Tall.* 'Strong,' 'stout,' 'brave.' Cp. 1 *Henry IV.* i. 3. 62, "Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed." This epithet is also applied to ships. Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1. 6, "Where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried." Singer points out that Sir Andrew Aguecheek was represented on the stage as a very small man, and greatly wanting in courage; so that Sir Toby is laughing at him, and using the word *tall* in a double sense.

21 *Ducats.* A ducat was a gold coin of Italian origin struck in the dominion of a duke, and was worth about 9*s.* 4*d.* There was also a silver one worth from 3*s.* to 4*s.*

25 *Viol-de-gamboys.* "A base viol, or kind of violoncello, which had six strings, and was so called because it was placed between the legs." (Knight.) Ital. *gamba*, 'a leg.'

28 Malone proposes to read, "He hath indeed, all, most natural." I take it that "He hath indeed" should be given with a very sarcastic tone and accent on *hath*, and after a slight pause, "almost natural"—the sense being, 'You know as well as I do he is a born fool.' See Introductory Remarks on Sir Andrew.

30 *Allay the gust.* 'Diminish his taste.' Ital. *gusto.*

33 *By this hand.* Cp. *Tempest*, iii. 2. 78–79, "By this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee." Malvolio uses this expression in iv. 2. 106.

34 *Substractors.* Sir Toby's expression for *detractors.*

39 *Illyria.* The scene may be laid here for the sake of Sir Toby's drunken pronunciation of the word.

Coystrill. 'A mean, paltry fellow.' See Glossary. Cp. *Pericles*, iv. 6. 175–76, "Doorkeeper to every coistrel that comes enquiring for his Tib."

41 *Parish-top.* "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by the exercise, and out of mischief while they could not work." (STEEVENS.)

Castiliano vulgo. Warburton suggests that Sir Toby said "Castiliano volto," 'Put on your grave Castilian countenance,' the Spaniards being celebrated for their ceremonious manners. It was more probably a term from some drinking song, used by Sir Toby as an expression of delight at seeing Sir Andrew. In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* there occurs, "Hey, Rivo Castiliano, man 's a man."

46 *Shrew.* 'A woman who vexes or annoys with her tongue or temper.' Chaucer applies the word also to a man. See Glossary.

48 *Accost.* 'Draw near and speak to.' This is the only play of Shakespeare's in which the word occurs. "*Accost* had a signification in our author's time that the word seems now to have lost. In the second part of the *English Dictionary* by H. Corkeram (1655), in which the reader who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech is furnished with *hard* words, *to draw near* is explained thus, 'to accost, appropriate, appropinquate.'" (MALONE.)

55 *Front her.* 'Step in front of her.'

56 *Board her.* Lit. 'to enter a ship by force.' Here it is merely another word for *accost.* Cp. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 170, "I 'll board him presently;" and *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 95–96—

"I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder."

60 *Part.* 'Depart.' Cp. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 80, "And from thy hated presence part I so." *Her* is omitted; pronouns commonly were when no ambiguity was involved in so doing. See note on v. 1. 342, and ii. 3. 112.

66 *Marry.* Lit. 'By the Virgin Mary,' a common oath of the time.

68 "*Thought is free.*" An old proverb, which runs thus: "World is thrall, but thought is free." Cp. *Tempest*, iii. 2. 132, "Thought is free." Maria means that she has a right to

think what she pleases, and having taken him by the hand, implies that she thinks him a fool.

69 *Buttery-bar.* The buttery is a store-room where provisions and liquor are kept. The bar of this is the opening, like a window with a ledge, through which the provisions are passed.

72 *It's dry, sir.* 'Your hand is dry' (not moist). A dry hand showed that he was not a lover; for had he been, his hand would have been moist, according to a common superstition of the time. For this idea cp. *Othello*, iii. 4. 39–40—

"Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer."

Dry also means 'thirsty.' Hence, "Bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink;" this is the metaphor. For *dry* in this sense cp. *Tempest*, i. 2. 112, "So dry he was for sway." Further, a dry hand was supposed to be indicative of weakness. Sir Andrew, failing to see Maria's joke, makes use of the word in its literal sense.

75 *A dry jest.* 'A dull or stupid joke.' Cp. i. 5. 38, "Go to, you are a dry fool."

77–78 'I am only full of them so far as I am full of you;' *i.e.* a handful.

78 *Barren.* 'Mentally unproductive;' and so used again in i. 5. 81, "barren rascal." The word also occurs in combination, as *barren-brained*, *barren-witted*, but not in Shakespeare, except in the expression "barren-spirited." Here the expression "I am barren" also means 'I am no better off.'

79 *Canary.* A light sweet wine made in the Canary Islands. For an account of the properties of this wine cp. 2 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 29, &c., "You have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, 'What's this?'"

84 *Eater of beef.* Shakespeare seems to allude to this idea of beef-eating destroying wit, in *Henry V.* iii. 7. 160–61, "Leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef," &c.

90 *What is "pourquoi"?* Cp. i. 3. 25–26, "Speaks three or four languages word for word without book." French was evidently not one.

91 *The tongues.* "The point of Sir Toby's jest will be lost unless we remember that tongues and tongs were pronounced alike, as was pointed out by Mr. Crosby, of Zainsville, in the *American Bibliopolist*, June, 1885." (ALDIS WRIGHT, in Clarendon Press Edition.)

93 *The arts.* Sir Andrew wishes he had received a good education. The word *arts* here designates the 'free or liberal arts,' and would include music, though Sir Andrew uses it for the study of language. We have Sir Toby's word that Sir

Andrew played the viol-de-gamboys, which perhaps he had brought to the same pitch of perfection as his French! Sir Toby plays on the word *arts* as if it was *art; i.e.* 'human skill as an agent,' by opposing the word *nature* to it in line 98.

98 *Curl by nature.* Theobald's correction of the original, which is "coole my nature."

106 *The Count; i.e.* Duke Orsino.

110 *Masques.* A kind of dumb-show entertainment at which there was sometimes dancing; the people taking part in it wore masks.

111 *Revels.* 'Night-feasts.' See Glossary.

112 *Kickshawses,* or *kickshaws,* formerly written *kickshose,* meant 'made dishes,' and so 'odds and ends.' Cp. 2 *Henry IV.* v. 1. 29, "Any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

115 *An old man.* "We take its signification to be, that the knight by the term *an old man* means 'a man of experience,' just as he has before deferred to 'his betters;' while the use of the word *old* gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, &c., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age, over whom even Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority." (COWDEN CLARKE.)

116 *Galliard.* 'A lively French dance.' Cp. *Henry V.* i. 2. 251–52—

"There 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won."

117 An obvious joke on caper=dancing, and the caper that is eaten with mutton; but may not Sir Toby's jest go even further, and be explained thus: 'If you can dance like a goat' (the literal meaning of *cutting a caper*), 'I can dance like a sheep"?

119 *Back-trick.* A receding motion in dancing.

123 *Mistress Mall's picture.* Knight, Hunter, and others think that this is an allusion to Mary Frith, the heroine of Middleton's play, *The Roaring Girl.* Mr. Aldis Wright shews this to be very improbable; and Singer says, "Mistress Mall is no doubt a mere impersonation like 'My lady's eldest son' in *Much Ado About Nothing.* She is merely a type of any lady solicitous for the preservation of her charms, even when transferred to canvas. The custom of having curtains attached to the frame of pictures was common. Olivia, unveiling, proposes to 'draw the curtain and shew the picture.'"

125 *Coranto.* Also a French dance. Cp. *Henry V.* iii. 5. 33, "Lavoltas high, and swift coranto."

128 *Star of a galliard.* It was commonly believed that a man's disposition and destiny were governed by the planet which was in the ascendant when he was born. Sir Toby suggests that Sir Andrew was born under a jovial planet, and therefore would be capable of good dancing. Cp. line 133; i. 4. 36; ii. 1. 3;

so also in *Much Ado About Nothing*, v. 2. 40, Benedick complains, "I was not born under a rhyming planet."

129–30 *Indifferent well.* 'Moderately well.'

130 *Flame-coloured.* The Folio reads "dam'd coloured;" Knight, "damask-coloured."

Stock. 'Stocking.'

132–33 *Born under Taurus.* "Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacs, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations." (JOHNSON.)

134 *Sides and heart.* "Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional. Taurus is made to govern the neck and the throat." (SINGER.)

SCENE 4.

2 *Cesario.* The name Viola had assumed.

5 *Humour.* 'Temperament,' 'disposition.'

13 *Thou know'st no less but all. But* frequently follows negative comparatives where we should use *than.* See *Sh. Gr.* § 127.

21 *Spoke.* Used for 'spoken;' *i.e.* 'said.' Just as *forgot* is used for 'forgotten,' and *writ* for 'written.' Owing to the tendency to drop the inflection *-en*, the Elizabethan authors frequently used the curtailed forms of past participles, which are common in Early English. (*Sh. Gr.* § 343.)

24 *Say I do speak.* 'Supposing I do speak.' This idiom is again used in ii. 4. 89, "Say that some lady."

29 *Nuncio's.* 'Messenger's,' or 'ambassador's.'

Aspect. Notice the accent is on the last syllable, as in *Richard III.* i. 2. 23, "Whose ugly and unnatural aspect;" and again in same scene, line 155, "Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops."

33 *Rubious.* 'Red,' or 'the colour of a ruby.'

Pipe. 'Voice.' Cp. *Coriolanus*, iii. 2. 112–115—

> "My throat of war be turn'd,
> Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
> Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice
> That babies lulls asleep!"

34 *Sound.* 'Unbroken.'

35 *Semblative.* 'Having the appearance of.'

A woman's part. 'Thy proper part in a play would be a woman's.' Women were then personated by boys. (JOHNSON.) It was not till the time of Charles II. that women began to act in public.

36–37 'I know that the position of the stars at the time of

your birth was very favourable for this undertaking.' Alluding again to the myths of the astrologers. See i. 3. 128, 132–33; ii. 1. 3.

40–41 'And you shall be welcome to call your lord's fortune your own.'

42 *A barful strife.* 'A contest full of impediments.' (STEEVENS.)

SCENE 5.

The Clown in this play is a domestic fool in the service of Olivia. He is specifically termed "an allowed fool," and "Feste, the jester that the Lady Olivia's father took such a delight in." Malvolio speaks of him as "a set fool." (SINGER.) Most noblemen formerly kept a domestic jester for their sport. For instance, Cardinal Wolsey made a present of his fool to Henry VIII.

6 *To fear no colours.* 'Fear no enemy, whatever colours he may fight under.' Evidently a military expression; for Maria says it "was born in the wars." Cp. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2, 155–156, "I do fear colourable colours." In *Tempest*, ii. 1.18–19 the words *dollar* and *dolour* are played upon by Sebastian and Gonzalo, and here the Clown probably jokes on *colour* and *collar*, the latter word being suggested by *hanging*.

9 *Lenten answer.* 'Lean or dry answer.' (JOHNSON.) 'Laconic.' (STEEVENS.)

10 *Of.* Here merely used to connect "I fear no colours" with the former part of the sentence.

19 *Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.* See Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, bk. i. Essay 40, p. 117. It might seem at first sight as if Shakespeare had had this in his mind; but the date of Florio's translation is 1603. It runs as follows: "Every man hath heard the tale of the Picard, who being upon the ladder readie to be thrown down, there was a wench presented unto him with this offer (as in some cases our law doth sometimes tolerate) that if he would marrie her, his life should be saved, who after he had awhile beheld her and perceiving that she halted, said hastily, 'Away, away, good hangman make an end of thy business, she limps.' The like is reported of a man in Denmarke who being adjudged to have his head cut off, and being upon the scaffold, had the like condition offered him, but refused it because the wench offered him was jaw-falne, long-cheekt and sharp-nosed."

20 *And, for turning away, let summer bear it out.* The Clown could live in some fashion or other, now that summer was coming, even if he were dismissed.

22 *Points.* "Points were metal hooks fastened to the hose

or breeches (which had then no opening or buttons), and going into the straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down." (BLACKSTONE.) Cp. 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 238–39, "Their points being broken, down fell their hose."

24 *Gaskins.* 'A sort of loose hose or breeches.'

25 The Clown here hints that Maria is setting her cap at Sir Toby, who would be a grand catch for her if he would give up drinking.

29 *You were best.* The old idiom, "(To) me (it) were better," being misunderstood, was sometimes replaced by, "I were better." "*I were better* to be eaten to death," 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 245. "Poor lady, *she were better* love a dream," *Twelfth Night*, ii. 2. 27. So here *you were best. You* may represent either nominative or dative, but was almost certainly used by Shakespeare as a nominative. (*Sh. Gr.* § 230.)

33 *Quinapalus.* A name invented by the Clown, who is laughing at those who were fond of parading their learning in public.

38 *A dry fool.* 'A stupid fool.' Cp. i. 3. 75, "A dry jest."

39 *You grow dishonest.* Olivia means the Clown has been absent without leave. Feste has probably just returned from a drinking bout, and may possibly have filched money to supply himself with drink.

40 *Madonna.* "Mistress, dame. So *La Madonna*, by way of pre-eminence for The Blessed Virgin." (STEEVENS.)

44 *Botcher.* 'Mender,' 'cobbler,' 'patcher.' See iv. 1. 56.

45 *Patched.* 'Botch' and 'patch' mean the same thing. There is possibly an allusion to the parti-coloured dress of the fool. The fool consequently was often called "Patch." Cp. *Tempest*, iii. 2. 71, "What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!" Possibly also the use of the word *patched* here may be parallel to the use of the word *patches* in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 9, "A crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

47 *Syllogism.* A form of reasoning or argument consisting of three propositions, of which the first two are called the premisses, and the last, which necessarily follows from them, the conclusion. Here the major premiss is, (1) "Anything that's mended is but patched." The minor premiss is understood, and there are two conclusions, the conclusion of the whole matter being that the Lady and the Fool are both patches —he being repentant sin, and she virtue that transgresses, as he proceeds further to demonstrate. The first proverb, "The school of calamity," applies to his case; the second, "Beauty's a flower," applies to hers. For this latter proverb cp. Herrick's

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying."

48 *Cuckold.* Hanmer suggests *counsellor*, Capell *school.* Hunter says this is intentional nonsense.

52 *Misprision.* "Misunderstanding, *méprise.* Misprision (in our sense) of felony is defined by Blackstone as a concealment of it without assent." (Mr. ELTON's note on the word in 1 *Henry IV.* i. 3. 27, Falcon Series.)

52–53 *Cucullus non facit monachum.* ''T is not the hood that makes the monk.' Cp. *Henry VIII.* iii. 1. 22–23—

> "They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
> But all hoods make not monks."

In *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 263, Lucio quotes this proverb.

53 *As much to say as.* Note the expression (formerly common), for *as much as to say.*

53–54 *I wear not motley in my brain.* Feste means he was not such a fool as the lady; for though he wore a fool's dress, he had more than a fool's wisdom.

57 *Dexteriously.* Another form of *dexterously.* But possibly Feste uses it in joke for the more common word. In Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ii. 22. § 15, quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright in Clarendon Press Edition, there occurs, "He cannot form a man so *dexteriously*, nor with that facility to prize and govern himself, as love can do."

60 *My mouse.* Hunter, in a note on *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 183, "Call you his mouse," says, "This was a term of endearment. In Middleton's *Roaring Girl*" (referred to in note on i. 3. 123) Gallipot says to his wife, 'Why, mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something;' and Openwork says to his wife, 'Is the countess's smock almost done, mouse?'"

81 *Barren.* 'Dull,' 'unable to make a joke,' as in i. 3. 78, which see.

82 *Ordinary fool.* A common or unlicensed fool, not a permanent domestic set fool like Feste.

85 *Crow.* 'Laugh,' or 'chuckle.' Cp. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 28–30—

> "When I did hear
> The motley fool thus moral on the time,
> My lungs began to crow like chanticleer."

85–86 *These set kind of fools.* "The two nouns connected by *of* seem regarded as a compound noun with plural termination. Cp. *Lear*, ii. 2. 107, 'These kind of knaves.'" (*Sh. Gr.* § 412.)

86 *Fools' zanies.* "A zany was a fool's fool, or a clown that followed a tumbler and vaulter. His representative is to be found in the modern circus." (GRANT WHITE.) Cp. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 1.

> "He's like the zany to a tumbler,
> That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh."

90 *Bird-bolts.* 'Short, blunt arrows for killing birds.'

91 *Allowed fool.* 'An acknowledged, or set domestic fool.'

94–95 "Since thou speakest the truth of fools (which is n profitable), may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift lying." (KNIGHT.) Mercury was the god of thieves and cheat

103–104 *He speaks nothing but madman.* Cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 414, "I will speak daggers to her, but use none;" and *Mer Wives of Windsor*, iii. 2. 69, "He speaks holiday."

109 The Clown still keeps hinting that Olivia's retirement not very wise.

112 *Pia mater.* The membrane that immediately covers t substance of the brain.

117–18 Sir Toby was going to give a description of th gentleman, but was seized with an attack of indigestion; hene "A plague on these pickle-herring," to which he says the attac was due. It was probably the combined effect of drink an pickle-herring. The Clown possibly laughed at him, so S Toby adds furiously, "How now, sot!"

122 Sir Toby's next speeches show his fuddled condition.

131 *Crowner.* 'Coroner.' Properly, the 'crown officer.' H duty is to enquire into the cause of a sudden or suspicious deat by holding an inquest, or, as it is called, sitting upon the bod Cp. *Hamlet*, v. 1. 23–24—

"But is this law?
Ay, marry is 't; crowner's quest law."

And again, v. 1. 4–5, "The crowner has sat on her, and finds it Christian burial." In Devonshire at the present day the country-folk use the expression, "They will have to crown him;" *i.e.* 'hold a coroner's inquest over him.'

132 *Coz.* 'Cousin.' Here used for *uncle.* See note on i. 3. 5.

144 *Has been told so. He has* was frequently pronounced, and sometimes written, *has.* (*Sh. Gr.* § 400.) Cp. *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 3. 116, "Bring him forth; *has* sat on the stocks all night." Also cp. v. 1. 192, "has hurt me;" and see note on i. 3. 60.

145 *A sheriff's post.* Outside the sheriff's door there used to be set up painted posts, both for the purpose of showing where the sheriff lived, and for posting up proclamations.

154 *A squash.* Anything unripe and soft. Here, 'an unripe peascod.' Cp. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 187–191—

"*Bot.* Your name, honest gentleman?

"*Peas.* Peaseblossom.

"*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father."

Codling. Not the present fruit of that name, but 'an unripe apple.'

155 *In standing water.* Capell's reading is, *e'en standing water; i.e.* 'slack water when the tide is just on the turn.' *In*

standing water = 'in the state of standing water.' Cp. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 221–22— "*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.
"*Ant.* I 'll teach you how to flow.
"*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me."

157 *Shrewishly.* 'Jauntily,' 'saucily.'

169 *To con it.* 'To commit it to memory, and make a study of it.' Cp. ii. 3. 147, "that cons state without book."

170 *Comptible.* 'Susceptible.' From *compt*, 'finically nice.' (SINGER.)

174 *Part.* The part, or *rôle*, she had studied.

175 *Modest assurance.* 'Some slight assurance, or evidence.'

178–79 *Very fangs of malice.* 'In defiance of the most malicious interpretation.'

181 *Usurp myself.* 'Take to myself that which does not belong to me.'

184 *From.* 'Apart from.' Cp. *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 90, "'T was from the canon."

194 *If you be not mad.* Mason suggests *if you be mad*, Staunton *if you be but mad; i.e.* 'if you are a mere madman.' Cowden Clarke says, "Note the effect of an intended antithesis, but no real antithesis exists."

196 *Skipping.* 'Wild,' 'mad.' (JOHNSON.)

198 *Swabber.* 'A person whose duty it is to swab or mop the deck.'

To hull. Lit. 'to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder,' as in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 840, "He looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood;" but here, as pointed out by Mr. Grant White, probably 'to lie to without anchoring,' and so in *Richard III.* iv. 4. 433–434, 438—
"On the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy . . . . . .
And there they hull," &c.

Note the metaphorical relationship of "hoist sail," "swabber," and "hull."

199 *Some mollification for your giant.* "Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant." (JOHNSON.) There is also a pleasant allusion to the diminutive size of Maria, who is subsequently called "little villain" and "youngest wren of nine." (STEEVENS.) This reading of Hanmer has been adopted as preferable to the original, which runs thus: "*Viola.* Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger." Accepting the reading adopted, Viola would have to speak her message, and could not speak her own mind. Olivia notices this, and next time says, "Speak your office."

203 *Courtesy.* 'The form and ceremony of delivering it.'

204 *Overture.* 'Proposal.'

205 *Taxation of homage.* 'Order for the payment of homage.'

The olive. The olive branch was symbolical of peace, and those who begged for peace carried an olive branch. This use was based on the account of Noah's dove. (BREWER'S *Dic. of Phrase and Fable.*)

210 *Entertainment.* 'Reception.' Cp. *Richard III.* i. 4. 134, where the Second Murderer, speaking of conscience, says, "There's few or none will entertain it;" *i.e.* 'give it reception.'

211 *Maidenhead.* 'Maidenhood.'

212 'To your ears my secret will sound excellent in the highest degree, but to repeat it in public would be profanation;' *i.e.* 'degrading love.'

214 *Divinity.* 'Religious doctrine.' Olivia uses this word in the quite technical sense of religious doctrine, and pronounces it heretical.

221 *By the method.* 'To use the same metaphorical language.'

228 *We will draw the curtain and show you the picture.* See note on i. 3. 123.

229 *Such a one I was this present.* Singer proposes, "Such a one I was as this presents;" *i.e.* 'this picture to which she compares herself.' Hunter says this means "I was thus, just before you came." And certainly she was, and only veiled to receive him.

231 *If God did all.* 'If it is entirely the work of nature, and not art.'

232 *'Tis in grain.* This expression is used literally of a material which has been dyed in the manufacture; and so here means, when the face was made its colour was made. It was not artificially put on afterwards, and consequently would withstand both wind and weather.

234 *Blent.* 'Mingled.' The old participle of *blend.* Nature is here compared to a painter who has blended his colours with the greatest possible effect.

236 *The cruell'st she alive.* Cp. *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 39, "Twixt two such shes."

238 *No copy.* Olivia will be very cruel if she does not marry and transmit her beauty to her children. Cp. *Sonnet* 3, "Die single, and thine image dies with thee;" also *Sonnet* 9, "That thou no form of thee hast left behind;" and *Sonnet* 13—

"Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear."

240 *Divers schedules.* 'Several lists.'

241 *Inventoried.* 'Catalogued.'

Labelled to my will. 'Put down on a label, which shall be fastened to my will as a codicil.'

244 *Praise.* Either 'praise,' or 'appraise;' *i.e.* 'value.' Viola has praised Olivia's beauty, and it was Olivia who used the expressions "schedules," "inventoried," "item," &c. The word *appraise* was in use in Shakespeare's time, Knight notwithstanding.

245 *I see you what you are.* Cp. i. 2. 53, and see note thereon.

247–49 "Though your beauty were unparalleled it could not be more than a just recompense for such love as my master's." (MALONE.)

255 *In voices well divulged.* "Well spoken of by the world." (MALONE.) Shakespeare used *voice* where we use *vote.* Cp. *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 1, "If he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him;" lines 49–50, "In giving him our own voices with our own tongues;" line 84, "Your good voice, sir; what say you?" line 86, "There's in all two worthy voices begged." So, too, in *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1. 217–18—

"People of Rome, and people's tribunes here
I ask your voices and your suffrages."

Free. 'Generous.'

257 *A gracious person. Gracious* is used in the sense of *graceful* or *beautiful.* Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2, 76, "A gracious voice." A well-built, well-formed, and dignified person.

258 *Took.* The past tense used for the participle. Cp. *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 50, "Where I have took them up." (*Sh. Gr.* § 343.)

259 *In my master's flame.* 'As fervently as my master does.'

263 *Make me.* 'For me,' or 'myself.' Very common in Shakespeare.

264 *My soul; i.e.* 'Olivia.'

265 *Cantons.* 'Cantos' or 'verses.'

267 *Reverberate* = 'Reverberating;' *i.e.* 'resounding.' Olivia would obtain no rest on earth owing to the hills resounding with her name, and no rest in the air owing to the echo constantly repeating it.

271 *But.* 'Unless,' or 'except.'

273 *State is well.* 'Position in life is good.'

279 *Fee'd post.* 'Hired messenger.' Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9. 100, "Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly."

281 *That.* The antecedent to *that* is *his.*

288 *Five-fold blazon.* To blazon is 'to announce with a trumpet.' Knights used to be announced by a blast of the trumpet when they entered the lists; the flourish was answered by the heralds, who described aloud the arms and devices of

the knights. Hence *to blazon* signified 'to describe the coat of arms.' German *blasen*, 'to blow.' *Five-fold; i.e.* 'tongue,' 'face,' 'limbs,' 'actions,' 'spirit.'

289 *Unless the master were the man.* "A vague and unfinished phrase, meaning 'If only the master were the man,' or something to that effect." ("Henry Irving" *Shakespeare.*)

290 *The plague.* 'The infection of love.'

291 *Perfections.* Note that *perfections* is a quadrisyllable, as in i. 1. 39.

293 *To creep.* *To* is often inserted after verbs of perceiving —*feel*, *see*, *hear*, &c. Cp. iii. 1. 108, "I had rather hear you to solicit that." (*Sh. Gr.* § 349.)

295 *Peevish.* 'Silly,' 'foolish,' 'childish.' It acquired its present meaning because fools and children are apt to fret. (GRANT WHITE.) But see Glossary.

296 *The county's man.* *County* and *count* meant just the same.

298 *Flatter with.* For this expression cp. *Richard II.* ii 1. 88, "Should dying men flatter with those that live?"

300 *If that.* This expression occurs again in v. 1. 360, "If that the injuries be justly weighed," and is common in Shakespeare.

304 *Mine eye too great a flatterer.* "She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of Cesario that she should not have sufficient strength to resist the impression. Cp. lines 291–292." (MONCK MASON.)

305 *Ourselves we do not owe.* 'We do not possess ourselves;' *i.e.* 'we cannot govern or control ourselves." *Owe* is commonly used in the sense of *possess.* Cp. *All's Well that Ends Well*, iii. 2. 121–123— "Better 't were

That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once."

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

This scene comes thus early to let the audience into the secret of the plot; and, by coming between two halves of a whole, it is practically out of time. Modern stage scenery makes it impossible to play such tricks; and so this scene becomes iii. 2. Cp. French's acting edition of this play.

1 *Nor will you not.* Note the double negative.

3 *Patience.* 'Forbearance,' or 'leave.'

My stars, &c. An allusion to the old belief of the astrologers, that the planets which were in the ascendant at the time of a

man's birth influenced his destiny. We have several English words in use now—such as *disaster*, *ill-starred*, &c.—which had at one time a purely astrological meaning. Cp. i. 3. 128, 132–133; i. 4. 36.

4–5 *Distemper.* 'Derange,' or 'throw out of order.'

9 *Sooth.* 'In truth.'

My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. 'The course I have determined upon is merely to go roving.' For *extravagant* in this sense cp. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 154—

"The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine."

10 *Touch.* The word commonly used by Shakespeare. Cp. *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 9, "He wants the natural touch;" and the celebrated line in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 175, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

12 *It charges me in manners.* 'It is my duty in ordinary civility.'

13 *To express myself.* 'To reveal myself.'

15 *Messaline.* No such place known. Mitylene has been suggested, as has also Messina.

19 *Some hour.* Note the expression, *some* being used with a singular noun of *time.*

20 *Breach of the sea.* 'Breaking of the sea.'

22 *A lady, sir, though,* &c. The relative is here omitted, as in ii. 4. 107. See *Sh. Gr.* § 244.

24 *Estimable wonder.* 'Esteeming wonder.' The meaning is, that he could not venture to think as highly as others of his sister. (JOHNSON.)

30 *Your trouble.* 'The trouble I have given you.'

36 *So near the manners of my mother.* For this idea cp. *Henry V.* iv. 6, 31, "And all my mother came into mine eyes." Also cp. *King Lear*, ii. 4. 56–58—

"O, how this mother swells up towards my heart!
Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!"

SCENE 2.

This scene is played as i. 6 in French's acting edition.

5 *To have taken.* 'By having taken.' See *Sh. Gr.* § 356.

6–7 *You should put your lord into a desperate assurance.* 'That you thoroughly explain to your lord that he must despair.'

8 *So hardy to come.* We say, "So hardy as to come." Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 3. 9, 10— "So fond
To come abroad at his request."

Cp. also ii. 4. 96; v. 1. 31.

10 *Receive it so.* 'Understand it so.' (STEEVENS.)

11 *She took the ring of me,* &c. "Viola, finding the ring sent after her, accompanied by a fiction, is prepared to meet it with

another, (she has plenty of womanly sympathy), and designedly avoids betraying the weakness of Olivia before her steward." (SINGER.)

12 *Peevishly.* See note on i. 5. 295.

17 *Fortune forbid . . . not.* We should have expected *fortune forbid*, &c., without the *not;* but this implied double negative is found again in *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 75, 76—

"You may as well *forbid* the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make *no* noise."

19 *Sure.* This word is not in the first Folio, but was added after for the sake of metre. Walker proposed, "As me thought." Seymour goes further, and suggests, "Methought her *eager* eyes had lost her tongue."

Had lost her tongue. 'Prevented the use of, or caused the loss of, her tongue.'

21–22 'In the craftiness of her love she allures me by means of this surly messenger.'

25 *She were better love a dream.* See note on i. 5. 29.

27 *Pregnant enemy.* 'Prompt or ready fiend' (the enemy of mankind). Cp. "pregnant and vouchsafed ear," iii. 1. 88.

28 *Proper-false.* 'Handsome and deceitful.' Monck Mason compares this with "beauteous evil," iii. 4. 357.

29 'To make an impression on the waxen hearts of women.'

30 Cp. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 146, "Frailty, thy name is woman!"

32 *Fadge.* 'Suit,' or 'fit together.' Cp. the expressions "It won't fadge," "We cannot fadge together," and *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 154, "We will have, if this fadge not, an antique."

33 *Monster.* A word used for anything unnatural. Viola applies the expression to herself because she is dressed as a boy.

Fond. 'Dote.' Used in an active signification. See *Sh. Gr.* § 290.

35–38 'In my character of a man I see that my master's love for Olivia is to be despaired of; in my character of a woman I see what unavailing sighs poor Olivia will breathe.' Viola, being in love herself, can sympathize with the grief that Olivia will feel when she discovers that the handsome page is a woman.

40 *To untie.* "Syllables ending in vowels are frequently elided before vowels in reading, though not in writing.

"'It ís | too hárd | a knót | for mé | *to* untíe.'" (*Sh. Gr.* § 462.)

SCENE 3.

This scene becomes act ii. scene 2 in the acting edition.

1–2 *Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes.* Cp. *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 38, "I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early."

2 "*Diluculo surgere.*" The full quotation, which is to be found in Lilly's *Grammar*, is, "Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est."

11 *Eating and drinking.* "A ridicule on the medical theory of the time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame." (WARBURTON.)

13 *A stoup*, or *stoop*, held about half a gallon usually, and was originally a measure, and then came to mean 'a cup to drink out of.' Cp. *Othello*, ii. 3. 29–30, "Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine."

16 *The picture of "we three."* An allusion to an old print sometimes pasted on the wall of a country alehouse, representing two, but under which the spectator reads, "We three are asses." (MALONE.) This is a very witty repartee to the remark, "Here comes the fool, i' faith."

17 *A catch.* 'A song, the parts of which are caught up in succession by different singers.' But for full particulars see note on ii. 3. 62.

19 *Breast.* 'Voice.' So used in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, "Let's hear him sing; he has a fine breast;" and "in the Statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535 (STRYPE'S *Parker*, p. 9), 'Which said queristers (*i.e.* choristers), after their breasts are changed,' &c.; that is, after their voices are broken." (T. WARTON.)

I had rather than forty shillings. Cp. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 205–206, where Slender says, "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here."

22 *Pigrogromitus*, &c. "These Rabelaisian-sounding freaks of nomenclature are attributed by Mr. Swinburne to the direct influence of Rabelais. 'We cannot but recognize on what far travels, in what good company, Feste the jester had but lately been on that night of very gracious fooling, when he was pleased to enlighten the unforgetful mind of Sir Andrew, as to the history of Pigrogromitus, and of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus.'" (*A Study of Shakespere*, pp. 155–56, quoted in the "Henry Irving" *Shakespere*.)

24 *Leman.* 'Sweetheart,' or 'mistress.' Cp. 2 *Henry IV.* v. 3. 49, "And drink unto the leman mine."

25–27 *I did impeticos.* That there was originally something which suggested this particular form of nonsense employed by the Clown, there can be little doubt. Of course its principal object was to make the audience laugh.

27 *Myrmidons.* A people of Thessaly, who followed Achilles to the siege of Troy, and were distinguished for their savage brutality and rude behaviour. (See articles "Myrmidones" and "Aeacus" in *Classical Dictionary*.) So, any rough fellow employed to annoy another is the employer's myrmidon. Myrmidons of the law are bailiffs, sheriffs' officers, and other law menials. (See BREWER'S *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.)

32 *Testril.* A sixpence. See Glossary.

33 *Give a.* Note how Sir Andrew is the echo of Sir Toby. It has been conjectured that he was going to add *another should* when he was interrupted by the Clown; but perhaps he was unable to find a reason. From the Folio it looks as if a line had dropped out.

34–35 *Song of good life* may either mean a 'song of a moral kind,' or a 'song of a jovial kind.' Whichever was meant, Sir Andrew thinks the Clown meant the former.

38–43 *O mistress mine*, &c. This tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons* (1599 and 1611). It is also in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, arranged by Byrd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, "O Mistress Mine" was an old song introduced into the play. [The latter supposition is doubtless the true one.]—CHAPPELL's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 209, second edition. (DYCE's note.)

49 *In delay there lies no plenty.* Cp. *Richard III.* iv. 3. 53, "Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary."

50 *Sweet and twenty.* Either a term of endearment, or, less probably, 'twenty sweet kisses.' Steevens quotes from *Wit of a Woman*, "Sweet and twenty: all sweet and sweet;" also from the *Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton*, edited by T. B. (1631), "His little wanton wagtailes, his sweet and twenties, his pretty pinckineyd pigsnies, &c., as he himself used commonly to call them." Malone compares *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1. 202–203, "Good even and twenty."

56 *Make the welkin dance.* 'Drink and sing till the sky seems to spin round.'

57–58 *Draw three souls out of one weaver.* "Numbers of Dutch weavers—of course all Protestant—fled from Alva's persecutions to England, and became well known for their love of religious music." (Mr. ELTON's note, in Falcon Series, on 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 145–46, "I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything.") Cp. also *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 3. 61–62, where Benedick, speaking of music, says, "Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?" The meaning here is that the psalm-singing weaver would be so delighted with this catch, that he would feel himself animated with three souls.

61 *By'r lady.* 'By our Lady;' *i.e.* the Virgin Mary.

62 *Catch.* Steevens, quoting from Sir John Hawkins, says, "A catch is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons, and is so contrived, that though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet, by beginning at stated

periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers." Here each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn.

71 *Caterwauling.* To *caterwaul* is to 'cry as a cat.' Chaucer has "gon a caterwawed" = 'go a caterwauling.' Formed from *cat* and the verb *waw*, to 'make a noise like a cat,' with the addition of *l* to give the verb a frequentative force. The verb *waw* is imitative. (SKEAT.)

74 *Cataian.* A person who came from Cathay, the old name for China. The expression was used as a term of reproach, and usually denoted a cheat or sharper. Cp. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1. 148, "I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man."

Politicians. Cp. what Sir Andrew says in iii. 2. 29, "Policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician."

75 *Peg-a-Ramsey.* The name of two old tunes given in Chappell.

"*Three merry men be we.*" The refrain of more than one old song. Cp. Peele's *Old Wives' Tale*, where Anticke says, "Let us rehearse the old proverb—

"'Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee;
I in the wood, and thou in the ground,
And Jacke sleepes in the tree.'" (Date 1595.)

77 *Tillyvally.* An expression equivalent to "fiddle-de-dee." Cp. 2 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 90, "Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me." Also cp. Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, edited by Nares (1822), "'Is not this house,' quoth he, 'as nigh heaven as my own?' To which she after her accustomed homely fashion, not liking such talk, answered, 'Tylle-valle, tylle-valle.'"

Lady! Sir Toby, vexed at Maria's remark of "If my lady have not," &c., repeats the word in a sneering way; and the word suggests another ballad, "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady." His epithets are not very much to the point, as his ideas are getting decidedly mixed.

79 *Beshrew me.* 'May evil happen to me,' or 'mischief take me.' A sort of mild oath, very common in Shakespeare, and sometimes used in a jocular manner, as in *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 14, where Portia says to Bassanio—

"Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me."

"Beshrew his soul for me" occurs in iv. 1. 58.

87 *Wit.* Here used, as elsewhere in the play, in its literal sense of 'wisdom' or 'judgment.'

89–90 *Cozier's catches. Cozier* or *cosier.* 'A tailor who botches his work.' See glossary.

93 *Sneck up.* 'Go and hang yourself.'

100 *Farewell, dear heart*, &c. Another old song, suggested to Sir Toby by the last word of Malvolio's speech.

112 *Out of tune.* Theobald altered this to *time*, thinking that Sir Toby remembers that Malvolio had said, "Is there no respect of place, persons, or *time* in you?" and now attacks him about it. But must not "ye lie" refer to the Clown's "You dare not"? If so, the first clause must also.

Art any. Note the omission of "thou;" and cp. v. 1. 342, "then camest in smiling;" and cp. i. 3. 60, "part so."

114 *Cakes and ale.* It was the custom on holidays and saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this superstition. (LETHERLAND.) Cp. *Henry VIII.* v. 4. 10-11, "You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?" Green, speaking of the Puritan ideal in his *History of the English People*, chap. ix., says, "The want of poetry, of fancy, in the common Puritan temper condemned half the popular observances of England as superstitious. It was superstitious to keep Christmas or deck the house with holly or ivy. It was superstitious to dance round the village Maypole. *It was flat popery to eat a mince-pie.* The rough sport, the mirth and fun of 'Merry England' were out of place in England called with so great a calling. Bull-baiting, *bear-baiting*" (see ii. 5. 8), "horse-racing, cock-fighting, the village revel, the dance on the village green, were put down with the same indiscriminate severity. The long struggle between the Puritans and the playwrights ended in the closing of every theatre." And speaking of the later comedy, he says, "The hatred of the Puritans to the stage was not a mere longing to avenge the taunts and insults which the stage had levelled at Puritanism; it was in the main the honest hatred of God-fearing men against the foulest depravity presented in a poetic and attractive form."

117-18 *Rub your chain with crumbs.* The steward's badge of office formerly was a gold chain, and the usual mode of cleaning plate was by rubbing it with crumbs. (STAUNTON.)

121 *Rule.* 'Conduct.' Here equal to 'misrule.'

121-22 *By this hand.* Cp. i. 3. 33.

124-25 *To drink when a man's a-hungry.* Sir Andrew's blunder for 'to drink when a man's a-thirsty.' Cp. 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 1. 32, "An' 't were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain."

132 *Gull.* 'Fool' or 'dupe.'

Nayword. 'A by-word.'

133 *Common recreation.* 'A laughing-stock.'

136 *Possess us.* 'Tell us.' Cp. *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1. 45-46— "I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief."

138 *Puritan.* See note on line 114, and cp. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 46–47, "But one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to bagpipes."

143 *I have no exquisite reason.* Of course Sir Andrew has no reason, exquisite or otherwise, for Sir Toby has not stated one.

146 *Time-pleaser.* Our word is *time server; i.e.* 'one who complies with the prevailing opinions.'

Affectioned. According to Murray's *New Dictionary affectioned* means 'passionate,' 'self-willed,' 'obstinate;' but the word was used by Shakespeare to mean 'affected;' and under *affection* we find 'the art of assuming artificially.'

147 *Cons state without book.* 'To con without book' = 'To learn by heart.'

State. 'Arguments of state.' See ii. 5. 45.

Swarths. 'Lines of grass cut and thrown together by the scythe.'

155 *Expressure.* Used for 'expression,' as in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 204, "Than breath or pen can give expressure to."

165 *Colour.* 'Kind.' Cp. *King Lear*, ii. 2. 145, "This is a fellow of the selfsame colour."

168 *Ass.* A pun on the words *ass* and *as.*

175 *Penthesilea.* Queen of the Amazons, killed by Achilles. The expression here means 'my fine or large woman.' Cp. note on i. 5. 199.

176 *Before me.* An expression meaning 'in my opinion.' A euphemism for *before God.*

177 *Beagle.* This term was possibly suggested by, "I smell a device;" and, "I have't in my nose too." Maria, who has selected Malvolio for her game, will run him down as a well-bred beagle would a hare. The beagle is a small hound. Here is one more allusion to Maria's size.

182 *Recover.* 'Attain,' 'obtain.'

183 *Out.* 'Out of pocket.'

184 *Send for money.* Sir Toby keeps Sir Andrew with him to sponge upon him.

185 *Call me cut.* A contraction of *curtail;* that is, 'a horse with a docked tail.' And, as Knight says, it is equivalent to "Call me horse" in 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 216. One of the carrier's horses in that play is called "Cut."

188 *Burn some sack. Sack* was a sweet wine, and is commonly alluded to by Shakespeare. There was Sherry Sack, Madeira Sack, Canary Sack, &c. The word is derived from the Spanish *seco*, 'dry,' because it was made from dried grapes. *Burnt sack* was wine made warm.

SCENE 4.

On this scene Drake remarks "that it more particularly breathes the blended emotions of love, of hope, and of despair, opening with a highly-interesting description of the soothing effects of music in allaying the pangs of unrequited affection, and in which the attachment of Shakespeare to the simple melodies of the olden time is strongly and beautifully expressed."

3 *Antique.* 'Quaint.'

5 *Recollected terms.* 'Phrases gathered with pains,' not 'spontaneous,' according to Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press Edition, where he quotes in support of it *Pericles*, ii. 1. 54—

"How from the finny subjects of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men:
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!"

But such an interpretation seems hardly in keeping with the context. The words, "Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times," are not suggestive of laborious thought; and therefore the idea perhaps is rather that of words of a song which, continually like the light airs to which they are set, seem to run in the head.

17 *Motions.* 'Emotions.' Cp. *Othello*, i. 3. 334, "But we have reason to cool our raging motions."

24 *Favour.* 'Face.' Cp. *As You Like It*, iv. 3. 86, "The boy is fair, of female favour."

25 *By your favour.* Apparently means 'if you will let me say so;' but *by* is here used in the sense of *on* also, and Viola means, her eye has rested on the face of the duke, whom she loves.

31 'So, as time goes on, she evenly balances her husband's affection.'

34 *Worn.* 'Worn out.' Not *won*, as has been suggested.

37 *Hold the bent.* 'Hold its true course.'

41 *To perfection grow.* 'Women only perfect when married.' Cp. i. 1. 39.

45 *The free maids.* 'Maids who are free from anxiety;' so, 'happy.'

Weave their thread with bones. Bones were formerly used instead of pins in lacemaking.

46 *Silly sooth.* 'Plain simple truth.'

47 *Dallies with.* 'Plays, trifles, or toys with.' Cp. *Richard III.* i. 3. 264-65—

"Our aery buildeth in the cedar top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

And again in this play, iii. 1. 14, "They that dally nicely with words."

48 *The old age.* 'Ages past.' (JOHNSON.) Cp. *Sonnet* 127, "In the old age black was not counted fair."

52 *Cypress.* Probably a coffin of cypress wood.

57–58 "Though death is a part in which every one acts his share, yet of all these actors no one is so true as I." (JOHNSON.)

74 *Changeable taffeta.* A fabric made of silk, which took various hues in different lights. See Glossary.

75 *Opal.* A gem which appears of different colours as it is viewed in different lights.

86 *That nature pranks her in.* "The miracle and queen of gems is the beauty that nature adorns her with." (JOHNSON.) See Glossary.

93 *There is no woman's sides.* Note *there is* for *there are.*

96 *So big, to hold.* Notice the omission of *as*, and cp. ii. 2. 8.

98 *No motion of the liver.* 'No emotion of the liver,' which was looked upon as the seat of passion. For *motion* used for *emotion*, see line 17, "Unstaid and skittish in all motions else."

99 *That suffer surfeit.* 'Their love, that suffer surfeit,' may be called 'appetite.' The duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was but a few minutes before that he said that they had more constancy in love than men. (MASON.) The antecedent to *That* is *their*, in line 97.

101 *Compare.* Used for 'comparison;' so in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 237–38— "With that same tongue
Which she has praised him with above compare."

107 *Daughter loved a man.* Note the omission of the relative, and see *Sh. Gr.* § 244; and cp. ii. 1. 23.

110 "She, who never told her love, sat smiling at grief as placidly as Patience on a monument." (KNIGHT.) Cp. *Pericles*, v. 1. 138–40— "Thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act."

Theobald conjectures that Shakespeare took this idea from Chaucer— "Dame Pacience, sitting there I fonde
With face pale, upon an hill of sonde."

116–18 'We profess more than we really feel, and we constantly prove ourselves to be generous enough in promises, but niggardly in actions of love.'

120 *All the daughters.* Note the cleverness of this answer.

124 *Denay.* 'Denial.' Cp. 2 *Henry VI.* i. 3. 107, "Then let him be denayed the regentship."

SCENE 5.

5 *Sheep-biter.* Lit. 'a dog which worries sheep.' 'A cur;' perhaps 'a thief.' Cp. *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 358, "Show your knave's visage . . . show your sheep-biting face!"

8 *A bear-baiting.* "The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not be-

cause it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear. (MACAULAY, *History of England*, vol. i. chap. 2.) "Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence." (HUME, *History of England*, vol. i. chap. 62.)

14 *Metal of India.* 'Lass of gold.' (SINGER.) This was originally written *mettle*, and became changed to *nettle*. *Mettle* means 'high spirit.' So in *Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xix., "By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle."

24 *Affect me.* 'Had an affection for,' or 'loved.' Cp. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1. 115, "Sir John affects thy wife."

25 *Fancy.* 'Love.' Cp. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 67, "Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?" Cp. i. 1. 14, and v. 1. 380.

31 *Jets.* 'Struts.'

33 *'Slight.* 'By God's light.' Cp. iii. 2. 12.

39 *The lady of the Strachy.* An allusion to some person (who was probably well known in Shakespeare's day) marrying beneath her. All particulars are lost. The following guess is taken from Cowden Clarke's *Key to Shakespere:* "Commentators have proposed various substitutions for *Strachy*. We believe it to be Shakespere's way of Anglicising the Italian word *stracci*. In Florio's *Dictionary*, a book proved to be known by Shakespere, we find the word printed *Straccij*, and there explained to mean 'rags, clouts, tatters, torn or rent rags.' *Strachy* is put into Malvolio's mouth with a *the* before it, as if it were the name of a noble family of Italy like *the* Strozzi, *the* Orsini, &c. Thus, while 'the lady of the Strachy' seems to be the title of a lady of rank, it really bears the significance of 'the lady of rags and tatters,' forming a humorous analogy with the yeoman of the wardrobe. The Italian form of *j* for a final *i*, as printed in Florio, gives very much the effect of the final *y* as printed in the first Folio, and as probably written by Shakespere in the word *Strachy*." Florio, in *A Worlde of Wordes*, quoted by Malone, mentions one Vestiario, "a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*."

41 *Jezebel.* Scarcely the right name to have applied to Malvolio, but as good as could be expected from Sir Andrew.

43 *Blows him.* 'Puffs him up,' 'swells him out.' Cp. Wyclif, 1 *Cor.* iv. 19, "The word of hem that ben blowen with pride."

45 *State.* "Chair of state with a canopy over it." (STEEVENS.) So in the banqueting scene in *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 3–5, Macbeth says—

> "Ourself will mingle with society
> And play the humble host.
> Our hostess keeps her state."

46 *Stone-bow.* 'A cross-bow used for shooting stones.'

47 *Branched.* 'Adorned with needlework representing flowers and sprigs.' Cp. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, "May the moths branch their velvets."

48 *Day-bed.* 'Couch' or 'sofa.'

52 *Humour of state.* 'Assumption and whims of rank.'

52–53 *After a demure travel of regard.* 'After an affectedly grave stare at each one in turn.'

53 *Telling them ; i.e.* 'Which would have the effect of telling them.'

59–60 *Wind up my watch.* Pocket-watches were introduced into England from Germany about 1580.

60 *Play with my—some rich jewel.* Dr. Nicholson, quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright, suggests that Malvolio is on the point of saying, "With my chain," but remembering that that was the badge of the office of steward, he substitutes something more appropriate to his altered fortunes. This is a better interpretation than that of Steevens, who says, "My-some rich jewel" = 'some rich jewel of my own.'

61 *Courtesies.* A general term for any act of respectful civility, whether by man or woman.

64 *Cars.* A variety of readings have been proposed. "By the ears" (HANMER); "with carts" (JOHNSON). Coleridge suggests "cables."

73 *Scab.* A term of contempt, meaning 'a dirty fellow.'

81 *Woodcock.* Shakespeare alludes several times to this bird as being one of the most foolish of the feathered tribe. Cp. iv. 2. 57. Cp. *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 161, "O this woodcock, what an ass it is!" *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 1. 100, "We have caught the woodcock." *Hamlet*, v. 2. 317, "Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe."

85 *Her very C's, her U's*, &c. It is to be noticed that there is no *C* or *P* on the address of the letter. Ritson suggested that it ran, "*T*o the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes, with *C*are *P*resent." But a point like this is made to the audience, and any well-sounding letters which could be mouthed or rolled out effectively might be chosen. "It is remarkable that in the passages in letters which have been produced in a former part of a play, Shakspere very often makes his characters deviate from the words before used, though they have the paper itself in their hands, and though they appear to recite not the substance but the very words. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*, v. 3. 312, Helena says, 'Here's your letter,' &c., yet in act iii. sc. 2 she reads this very letter aloud. Had she spoken from memory the deviation might have been accounted for." (MALONE.)

86 *It is, in contempt of question, her hand.* 'It is so clearly her writing that to doubt it would be ridiculous.'

90 *Soft.* 'Gently.' There is no reference to the wax being soft.

Impressure. Our word is *impression.* Cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5. 131, "Wherein my sword had not impressure made."

Her Lucrece. 'The head of Lucretia.'

97 *The numbers altered.* 'A different metre follows.'

99 *Brock.* 'A badger.'

101 *Lucrece knife.* 'An allusion to the death of the wife of Collatinus by her own hand.'

104 *Fustian.* 'An inflated style,' 'swelling above the dignity of the subject,' 'pretentious.' Cp. *Othello*, ii. 3. 282, "Discourse fustian with one's own shadow." See Glossary.

109 *Staniel.* "The common stone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks." (SINGER.) *Staniel* is Hanmer's correction of *stallion*, which is found in the Folio.

Checks. 'Gives up her natural flight to fly after what is improper game.'

112 *Formal capacity.* 'Person whose mind is in its proper form;' *i.e.* 'any person in his senses.' For the use of the word *formal* in this sense cp. *Comedy of Errors*, v. i. 102–105—

"I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again."

Also *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5. 40–41—

"Thou should'st come like a Fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal man."

117 *Sowter.* Here used as 'the name of a hound.' It was 'a term of abuse,' and meant 'a cobbler.'

Will cry upon 't. 'Will give tongue on picking up the scent.'

117–18 *Though it be as rank as a fox.* 'Though obvious to the meanest capacity.'

121 *At faults.* 'At checks.'

122–23 'But then there is no harmony or agreement in what follows; that does not stand being put to the proof.'

125 *O shall end.* Malvolio will sigh when he discovers the trick played upon him.

130 This cypher is not like the former piece I have made out, yet by squeezing it (twisting it about) a little it could be made to make sense, and serve my purpose.

134 *In my stars.* 'In my lot in life' or 'sphere.'

138 *Blood.* 'Fiery spirit,' 'passion.' Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 19, "The brain may devise laws for the blood;" and *King Lear*, iv. 2. 64, "To let these hands obey my blood." Also cp. our expressions "in cold blood," "bad blood," &c.

139 *Cast thy slough.* When a snake casts its old skin and appears in a new bright one it casts its slough.

140 *Opposite.* 'Adverse,' 'hostile,' 'contrary.' Cp. *King John*, v. 2. 124, "The Dauphin is too wilful—opposite."

142 *Put thyself into the trick of singularity.* 'Assume an air of distinction.'

144 *Yellow stockings*, according to Steevens, were much worn before the civil war.

144–45 *Cross-gartered.* Expensive and showy garters which were worn both above and below the knee. When the trunk hose became breeches they were made open at the knees, where they were fringed, and were fastened with sash-like garters. It was the mark of a fop to wear cross-garters; and it was to this new fashion that Olivia objected. For further particulars see *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article "Costume." Also see *Kenilworth*, where Blount is called to be knighted, when "a glance at his yellow roses and crimson stockings restored his self-confidence." He asks Flibbertigibbet, "What did'st thou learn there?" [in the fens]. "To catch gulls with their webbed feet and yellow stockings," said the boy. "Umph," said Blount, looking down on his own immense roses, "nay then the devil take him that asks thee more questions."

150 *Daylight and champain discovers not more.* 'Broad daylight and an open country cannot make things clearer.' *Champain*, also written *champian*, is 'open country,' as opposed to hills and woods, and is the same word as our *campaign*. It occurs in *King Lear*, i. 1. 65, "With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd."

151–52 *I will baffle Sir Toby.* 'I will bring Sir Toby into disgrace.' See note on v. 1. 362; and for derivation and further particulars see Glossary.

153 *Point-devise*, or *point-de vice.* 'Minutely exact,' 'punctilious.' Cp. *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 401, "You are rather point device in your accoutrements."

154 *Jade me.* "Harass me, as a horse that is ridden too hard." (JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*, edited by Latham.) "Ride me, rule me with tyranny." (JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*, edited by Todd.)

160 *Strange.* 'Haughty,' 'disdainful.'

Stout. 'Brave.'

163 *Thou canst not choose but know.* 'Thou canst not help knowing.' Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1. 120, "He cannot choose but break." And again in this play, iv. 1. 57, "Thou shalt not choose but go."

170 *Sophy.* 'The Shah of Persia.'

179 *Tray-trip.* A game in which dice were used, so called from the important throw, a *tray;* possibly corresponding to backgammon.

185 *Aqua-vitæ.* 'Brandy,' or any other form of ardent spirit. Cp. *Eau-de-vie*, and Irish *usquebaugh*.

188 *In yellow stockings.* In the letter Maria had requested Malvolio to put on yellow stockings; firstly, because they were the height of fashion, and would be in keeping with his assumed character, and make him appear all the more ridiculous; and, secondly, because it was a colour Olivia abhorred. Now for the first time Maria allows her accomplices to see the full beauty of her plot. Afterwards, when Malvolio appears thus apparelled before Olivia, he says, "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;" and Olivia in utter surprise repeats, "Thy yellow stockings." But, perhaps, as Letsom suggested, it should be "*My* yellow stockings," as Olivia does not understand that Malvolio is quoting what he imagined her to have written. This would give even more point to the joke.

194 *Tartar = Tartarus;* that is, 'Hades.' In the *Iliad* it is a place as far below Hades as Heaven is above the earth. Cp. *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 2. 32, "No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell."

ACT III.

SCENE I.

In the acting edition this scene is sometimes made a continuation of the previous one, and is made to conclude act ii.

2 *By thy tabor.* The tabor was a small drum played with one stick.

8 *Lies.* 'Lodges,' or 'lives.' Cp. *Coriolanus*, i. 9. 82—

"I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house."

11 *You have said.* An obsolete form of affirmation found in the Bible. (WHITE.)

12 *Cheveril.* 'Kid leather,' which is yielding or pliable. Cp. *Henry VIII.* ii. 3. 31–33— "The capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it."

Also cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 87–88, "O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad."

19 *Dally.* See ii. 4. 47.

34 *Pilchards.* A fish closely resembling the herring, caught off the Cornish coast.

39–40 *But the fool should be.* 'If the fool should not be.'

41 *Your wisdom.* A title which the Clown in jest applies to Viola.

42 *Pass upon me.* A phrase taken from fencing. Here means 'pass your wit upon me.' Cp. v. 1. 345, "This practice hath

most shrewdly passed upon thee;" and cp. *Tempest*, iv. 1. 244, "An excellent pass of pate" ('an excellent jest').

44 *Commodity.* 'Quantity,' 'shipload.'

47 *Grow on my chin.* The emphasis in reading must fall on the *my*, or the point of the remark will be lost.

49 *Have bred.* Malone suggests *have breed*, *i.e.* 'issue,' as the Clown is not speaking of what they might have done, but what they may do.

50 *Put to use.* 'Put out at usury;' *i.e.* 'at interest.' Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 383, "The other half in use."

55 *Cressida was a beggar.* An allusion to Henryson's poem of *The Testament of Cressida*, in which she is condemned to die as a beggar.

57 *Welkin.* See ii. 3. 56.

58 *Element.* "A word in such common use by all who affected fine talking and writing in Shakespere's day, that it became cant." (WHITE.) Notice how Malvolio, when cross-gartered, uses it in iii. 4. 118.

63 *Haggard.* 'An untrained hawk.' Cp. *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 1. 35, "Wild as haggerds of the rock."

Check. See ii. 5. 109.

67 *Folly-fall'n.* 'Fallen into folly.'

Taint their wit. 'Damage the reputation of their wisdom.'

68–73 Theobald makes the knights change speeches, as Sir Andrew in act i. scene 3 could not recognize *pourquoi*. Malone thinks "Save you, gentleman," belongs to Sir Toby, as he uses it again (in iii. 4. 210), and that it appears from a subsequent scene that Sir Andrew was a picker-up of phrases, and might have learnt by rote from Sir Toby the few French words he uses. Also, "I hope you are," &c., could come from no one but Sir Andrew. Shakespeare here is satirizing the habit of introducing French phrases into conversation.

74 *Trade.* Anciently used in a general sense to express business or employment of any kind. (BOSWELL.)

76 *List.* 'Bound,' 'limit,' 'furthest point.' See Glossary. Note the metaphorical relationship of *trade* . . . *list of my voyage.* Cp. 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 51–52—

> "The very list, the very utmost bound
> Of all our fortunes."

Also *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 99, "The ocean, overpeering of his list."

77 *Taste.* 'Test,' 'try.' So again, "to taste their valour," iii. 4. 235. An affected use of the word. And cp. 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 119, "Come, let me taste my horse."

82 *Prevented.* 'Anticipated.' Cp. *Psalm* cxix. 148, "Mine eyes prevent the night watches." See Glossary.

88 *Pregnant.* 'Ready,' as in ii. 2. 27.

90 *All ready.* There are several readings—*all three ready*,

all three all ready, and *already*. Whatever the reading, the meaning is, he will get them by heart ready for use, and pass them off as original. Cp. line 70.

108 *To solicit.* See note on i. 5. 293.

109 This line is scanned thus—

"Than mús | ic fróm | the sphéres. || Dear Lá | dy—' ||."
Or —' | Dear Lad | y.

Music from the spheres. Shakespeare alludes to and explains this idea in *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 60–63—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

The expression "the music of the spheres" occurs again in *Pericles*, v. 1. 231. This doctrine of music of the spheres was first suggested by Pythagoras, and so too Plato speaks of a siren sitting and singing on each planet; and Milton, in *Arcades*, mentions "celestial syrens' harmony that sits upon the nine enfolded spheres."

112 *Abuse.* 'Use ill,' or 'put to a wrong use.' Cp. iv. 2. 46; v. 1. 18; and v. 1. 371.

119 *Receiving.* 'Ability or understanding.' Cp. "Receive it so" = 'understand it so,' ii. 2. 10.

120 *Cypress.* A thin material of gauze or crape, which is transparent.

122 *I pity you. That's a degree to love.* Cp. "Pity melts the mind to love," *Alexander's Feast;* and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, i. 1—

"Of all the paths that lead to woman's love,
Pity's the straightest."

123 *A grize*, or *grise.* 'A step.' Cp. *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 16–17— "For every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below;"

and *Othello*, i. 3. 200—

"Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour."

The old plural of this word was *grizen*, just as the plural of *house* was once *housen*; and in Wickcliffe's Bible, *Acts* xxi. 40, we find, "Poul stood on the greezen," &c.

Vulgar proof. 'Common proof,' or 'common experience.' Cp. *Richard III.* ii. 3. 43–44— "As by proof we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm."

132 *Proper man.* 'Handsome,' 'fine-looking.' Cp. *Richard III.* i. 2. 254–55— "She finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man."

133 *Westward ho!* A call of watermen on the Thames, to let passengers know they were ready to start up the river. So *Eastward ho!* when ready to start down stream.

138 The meaning is, 'that you forget your rank in your love for a page.'

139 *I think the same of you.* 'I forget your inferior position.'

150 *Maugre.* 'In spite of.' So in *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 2. 110, "This maugre all the world will I keep safe."

152 *Extort.* 'Deduce,' or 'infer.'

Clause. 'Statement.'

153 *For that.* 'Because.'

158 *And that no woman has.* 'And I have not given up my heart to any woman.'

Nor never none. Note the heaping up of negatives.

Scene 2.

7 *Did she see thee?* *Thee* was accidentally omitted, and supplied by Rowe.

12 *'Slight.* 'By God's light.' Cp. ii. 5. 33.

15 *Grand-jurymen.* Lit. 'persons whose duty it is to decide whether there are grounds for an accusation to justify a trial.'

18 *Dormouse.* 'Sleeping.'

23 *Balked.* 'A beam,' or 'block.' Hence, 'stumbling-block;' hence, *to balk* = 'to stumble or hesitate' (or make to do so); hence 'to boggle at' (colloquial *to mucker* comes nearest). Cp. Dryden, *Virg. Georg.*, "If I balk'd this opportunity."

25 *The north of my lady's opinion.* 'Coldly or unfavourably looked upon by my lady.'

29 *I had as lief.* 'I would as willingly.'

Brownist. A sect of Separatists, who took their name from their founder, Robert Brown. He separated himself from the English Church about 1580, but afterwards returned to it again. The present Independents hold nearly the same religious views as the Brownists. "All parties seem to have agreed that these men were fair objects of persecution." (Bright's *History of England.*)

31 *Build me.* *Me* represents the old dative, and is commonly used reflexively by Shakespeare. Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 85, "The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands;" and 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 223, "I made me no more ado."

34 *Love-broker.* 'A person who deals or trades in love.'

40 *Curst.* 'Ill-tempered,' 'crabbed,' or 'cross-grained.' Cp. *Richard III.* i. 2. 49, "Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst."

43 *If thou thou'st him.* *Thou* was employed offensively when used towards strangers who were not inferiors. Cotgrave, in his French Dictionary, gives, "Tutoyer, to thou one." For further particulars see *Sh. Gr.* §§231–33. Theobald thought that there was an allusion here to the trial of Sir Walter

Raleigh, in which the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, addressed him as follows: "All that he did was by thy instigation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traitor, I will prove thee the rankest traitor in England." This, however, could not possibly have been the case, as Sir Walter Raleigh's trial took place November, 1603, and *Twelfth Night* was certainly *acted* February, 1602. Still, until the discovery of Maningham's Diary in the British Museum, in 1828, this was put forward as one of the pieces of internal evidence which served to fix the date of the play.

45 *The bed of Ware.* A huge bed, some ten feet square, said to be big enough to hold twenty-four persons. It was to be seen at the Saracen's Head, in Ware, in Hertfordshire.

50 *The cubiculo.* 'Room,' or 'chamber.' Staunton reads, "Thy cubiculo."

58 *Hale.* 'Drag.'

59 *Blood in his liver.* A white liver, or one without blood, was a sign of cowardice. Cp. *Macbeth*, v. 3. 15, "Thou lily-livered boy;" *King Lear*, ii. 2. 18, "A lily-livered, action-taking knave;" *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 86, "Have livers white as milk."

61 *Opposite.* 'Adversary,' 'antagonist,' as in *Richard III.* v. 4. 3, "Daring an opposite to every danger;" and *Hamlet*, v. 2. 60-63—"'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites."

63 *The youngest wren of nine.* Another allusion to the small size of Maria. The wren lays nine or ten eggs, and those birds which are last hatched are the smallest.

64 *The spleen.* Commonly used for (1) 'fit of anger,' (2) 'inconstancy,' (3) 'melancholy;' but here used for (4) 'immoderate merriment.' A derangement of the spleen being supposed to cause this.

66 *Renegado.* 'Runagate,' or 'apostate.'

68 *Impossible passages of grossness.* 'The utter folly that Maria has made Malvolio believe.'

71 *Pedant* here does not mean 'one vain of his learning,' but merely 'a schoolmaster.'

75 *New map.* See Mr. Coote's paper (New Sh. Soc., 1878), and introductory remarks on internal evidence of date of the play, pages iii. iv.

Scene 3.

8 *Jealousy.* 'Uneasiness,' 'fear.'

15 Many attempts have been made to correct this faulty line. Steevens' reading seems the best—"And thanks, and ever thanks; often good turns."

16 *Uncurrent.* 'That which will not pass,' 'worthless.'
17 *Worth.* 'Wealth.'
19 *Reliques.* 'The remains of old buildings,' or, possibly, 'relics of saints.'
24 *Do renown.* Used transitively for 'do make renowned.'
26 *The count his galleys. His* is probably the old form of the possessive case, though Shakespeare may have written 'the county's galleys,' for *county* was used for *count.* Cp. i. 5. 296, "The county's man."
28 *It would scarce be answered.* 'I should find it difficult to give a satisfactory account of my conduct.'
33 *Answered.* 'Amends might have been made for it.'
36 *Lapsed.* 'Caught off my guard.'

Scene 4.

1 *He says he'll come.* "Suppose he says he'll come (the messenger had not yet returned)." (Warburton.)
2 *Of him.* 'On him.' Cp. *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 215–17—

> "And now again
> Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
> Your sued-for tongues?"

5 *Sad and civil.* "Grave and decorous." (Staunton.) *Sad*= 'sober.' "In sad seriousness" was a common phrase. Of course the point of the expression is seen when Malvolio appears cross-gartered and wreathed in smiles.
23 *Please one, and please all.* An old ballad, possibly written by Queen Elizabeth's jester.
26 *Not black in my mind.* Malvolio may be possibly alluding to an old ballad called *Black and Yellow.*
40 *Ha.* This should be given as an expression of surprise and confusion.
45 *Thy yellow stockings.* See note on ii. 5. 188.
53 *Midsummer madness.* An old proverb; the idea being that hot weather sometimes affected the brain.
62 'O ho, do you understand my manner now?' (triumphantly).
71 *Sir.* 'Gentleman.' Cp. *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 160–61—

> "A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
> Country called his."

Limed. 'Ensnared,' as birds are caught with birdlime. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 68–69—

> "O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
> Art more engaged!"

72 *Jove.* Mr. White conjectures that as Jove was written *love*, the word might possibly have been *love.* Probably the word was *God*, and was altered to *Jove* owing to the act To

Restrain the Abuses of Players, passed in James I.'s reign. We find both expressions used in this play. Cp. line 98, "Pray God he be not bewitched."

73 *Fellow.* Here = 'companion,' or 'equal.' Not used offensively, as it sometimes is now.

75 *Adheres.* 'Coheres.' So used in *Macbeth*, i. 7. 51–52, "Nor time nor place did then adhere."

75–76 *Dram of a scruple.* The same jest occurs in 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 148–49, "The wise may make some dram of a scruple."

82 *Drawn in little.* 'Be drawn together,' or 'contracted into a small space.'

86 *Private.* 'Privacy.'

97 *La you.* 'Look you.'

107 *Bawcock.* 'A burlesque term of endearment,' 'fine fellow,' 'good fellow.' Cp. *Henry V.* iv. 1. 44, "The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold."

108 *Chuck.* 'A term of affection.' So in *Othello*, iv. 2. 25, "Pray, chuck, come hither."

110 *Biddy.* Probably another term of affection. This is the only place in which Shakespeare uses the word.

111 *Cherry-pit.* A game which consists of pitching cherry-stones into a hole.

112 *Collier.* A term of the greatest reproach. "Like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier," was a proverb of the time.

115 *Minx.* 'A pert girl,' or 'puppy.' Shakespeare only uses this word twice more in his plays, and each time in *Othello.*

118 *I am not of your element.* Cp. Feste's remark, iii. 1. 57, and see note thereon.

123 *His very genius.* 'Spirit, whether good or evil, which governs a man,' hence the higher nature of man; and sometimes used for his soul. The word occurs several times in Shakespeare. Cp. *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 55–57— "Under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar."

Also cp. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 3. 19–22, where the Soothsayer warns Antony—

"Thy demon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered; therefore
Make space enough between you."

125–26 *Take air and taint.* 'Become exposed to the air by being talked about, and so spoilt.'

129–30 *Dark room and bound.* This being the ordinary treatment of the time for lunatics, they determine to employ it in Malvolio's case, to make him think he must be really mad.

134 *A finder of madmen.* Johnson thinks this is an allusion to the witch-finders of Shakespeare's day.

136 *May morning.* On May 1st there were exhibited metrical interludes of the comic kind, besides the morris dance. (STEEVENS.)

144 *Nor admire not.* Note the double negative. *Admire* and *admiration* are used by Shakespeare in their classical sense of 'wonder,' 'marvel,' &c. Cp. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 109, "Admired disorder" = 'disorder to be wondered at;' and *Henry V.* ii. 2. 108, "That admiration did not whoop at them."

148 *The law.* The law alluded to here is the law or rules of the duello, which were very ridiculous and precise in defining what was an insult which must end in a duel, and what might be passed over.

152 *Sense—less.* Down to the word *sense* is spoken out loud; *less* is added aside.

158 *The windy side of the law.* Cowden Clarke explains this, "To take advantage by getting to the windward;" and quotes *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 361, "Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?" Fabian, however, is deceiving Sir Andrew. The latter had written, "Thou liest in thy throat." This was unpardonable; "thou liest" might be passed over. Sir Andrew does not write, "Like a rogue and villain *as thou art.*" This again would have been unpardonable, and it is on the omission of these last three words that Fabian congratulates him. For this expression, cp. *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1. 327, "It keeps on the windy side of care."

162 *My hope is better.* Sir Andrew means, that he hopes he will not be killed, and immediately require God's mercy. For jesting on a similar subject, cp. the description of the death of Falstaff, *Henry V.* ii. 3. 20–22.

167 *Commerce.* 'Talk.' 'common or familiar intercourse.' Cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 107–10—

"*Hamlet.* Your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

"*Ophelia.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?"

169 *Scout me.* Cp. "Build me," iii. 2. 31, and see note thereon.

170 *Bum-baily.* 'A bailiff.'

171 *Swear horrible.* Note the adjective used for the adverb. A very common use in Shakespeare. Cp. "Pure for his love," v. 1. 79, &c.

173 *Sharply twanged off.* 'Uttered sharply or noisily.'

174 *Approbation.* 'Ground for esteem.'

182 *Clodpole.* 'Blockhead,' or 'thickskull.'

188 *Cockatrices.* The cockatrice was a fabulous creature, with the wings of a fowl, tail of a dragon, and head of a cock. It was so called because it was thought to be produced from a cock's egg hatched by a serpent. It had the power of killing with a glance of the eye. Cp. *Richard III.* iv. 1. 55—

"A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous."

The cockatrice is often confounded with the basilisk, but the difference between them is clearly shown in Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, bk. iii.

190 *Presently.* 'Immediately.' A common use of the word in Shakespeare. Cp. v. 1. 169.

194 *Out.* The Folios have *on't*, the sense then being, "Bestowed my honour too incautiously on a heart of stone." It was Theobald who altered the reading to *out*.

200 *Jewel.* Not a single gem, but any precious ornament. (JOHNSON.)

214 *Despite.* 'Extreme malice,' 'defiance with contempt.'

215-16 *Dismount thy tuck.* 'Draw or unsheath thy rapier.'

216 *Yare.* 'Quick.' Cp. *Tempest*, i. 1. 7.

219 *Quarrel to me.* 'Against,' *to* having the sense of motion. Cp. *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1. 243, "The lady Beatrice has a quarrel to you." (*Sh. Gr.* § 187.)

223 *Opposite.* 'Adversary,' as in iii. 2. 61.

224 *Withal.* The emphatic form of *with*. Used for *with* after the object at the end of a sentence. (*Sh. Gr.* § 196.)

226 "'An unhatched rapier' is an unhacked rapier. From the Fr. *hacher*." A good instance is quoted by Mr. P. A. Daniel (in *Notes and Conjectural Emendations of certain Doubtful Passages*) from Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, iv. 5—

"Unhardened with relentless thoughts; unhatch'd
With blood and bloody practice."

"The words 'carpet consideration' have reference to the dubbing of what were called carpet knights, as distinguished from knights who had the honour conferred upon them on the field of battle. Carpet knights were over and over again made the object of ridicule by authors of the time." (STAUNTON.)

230 *None.* The emphatic form of *no*, like *mine* of *my*. (*Sh. Gr.* § 53.)

231 *Hob-nob.* 'Hit or miss,' 'give or take,' 'defiance.' See Glossary.

233 *Conduct.* 'Guard,' or 'escort.' Cp. *Richard III.* iii. 1. 44-45—

"Hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower."

235 *Taste.* 'Test,' 'try.' Cp. iii. 1. 77, and see note thereon.

236 *Quirk.* 'Shift,' or 'cavil.' Viola means this is a caviller. (SINGER.)

245 *This courteous office as to know.* We say, "*Such* courteous," &c. And also note the expression, "*That* wonderful . . . *as* you are like," in lines 255-56.

252 *Arbitrement.* 'Trial.' So in *Richard III.* v. 3. 89-90—

"And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal staring war."

258 *Opposite.* 'Adversary.' As in line 223, and iii. 2. 61.

262 *Sir priest.* "In ancient times, indeed, Sir was a common title of the clergy, at least of the inferior orders, being the regular translation of Dominus, the designation of those who had taken their *first* degree in the University. Hence we have in Shakespeare Sir Hugh (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), Sir Topas (*Twelfth Night*), Sir Oliver (*As You Like It*), and Sir Nathaniel (*Love's Labour's Lost*). But that this title was quite distinct from knighthood is plain from what Viola says, "I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight." (*Heraldic Anomalies*, vol. ii. Published by Whittaker.) The imaginary curate in this play is consequently called Sir Topas.

263 *Exeunt.* Dyce argues that here the scene ends, and another scene—"Scene V. The street adjoining Olivia's garden"—begins; for he says Sir Toby desired Fabian to stay by Viola till his return from talking with Sir Andrew, and a little after Fabian says to Viola, "Will you walk towards him" (Sir Andrew)? and they make their exit. Now enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, they beginning the new scene. Antonio enters, draws his sword in defence of Viola, and is arrested. Afterwards the officer says, "Here in the streets . . . . did we apprehend him." Sir Andrew then was waiting for the pretended page at the orchard end, that is, the street at the extremity of Olivia's orchard or garden. There Sir Toby had joined him, and thither Fabian and Viola walk, the object being to get rid of Viola, while Sir Toby was terrifying Sir Andrew with an account of his antagonist's ferocity. In a modern acting edition of the play the scene is changed from "A room in Olivia's house" to "Olivia's garden."

265 *Firago.* A corruption of *virago*, 'a woman's form with the swaggering airs of a man.'

266 *Stuck.* A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. (STEEVENS.) Shakespeare uses both words. Cp. *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 162, "If he by chance escape your venomed stuck;" and *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1. 77, "Alla stoccata carries it away."

268 *Pays you.* 'Hits you.' (STEEVENS.)

276 *Capilet.* Possibly taken from the word *capel*, *caple*, *capil*, or *caball*. Lat. *caballus*, 'a horse.'

277 *Motion.* 'Proposal.'

283 *He is as horribly conceited of him.* 'He has as horrid a conception of him.' (SINGER.)

289 *Supportance.* 'Support,' or 'vindication.' This word is used again in *Richard II.* iii. 4. 32, for *support*, "Give some supportance to the bending twigs."

306 *Undertaker.* 'One who undertakes, or takes up another's quarrel or business.'

317 *Favour.* 'Face,' as in ii. 4. 25.

333 *My having.* Frequently used for *fortune* or *possessions.* (MALONE.) Also cp. the use of the word in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 396, "Your having in beard."

334 *My present.* 'My present money.' An adjective used for a noun.

338 *Lest that.* *That* is a conjunctional affix.

343 *Lying vainness, babbling drunkenness. Lying* and *babbling* are used as participial adjectives. There is another reading with a comma after each word; and the Folio reads, "lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness."

354 *Good feature.* 'Your good features.'

356 *Unkind.* 'Unnatural.' For this use of the word cp. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 174-76, song—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

And *Lear*, iii. 4. 72-73—

"Nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters."

357 *Beauteous evil.* A phrase worth comparison with *proper false.*

358 *O'erflourished.* Trunks or chests richly ornamented with scrollwork, common in Elizabeth's time.

363 *So do not I.* 'I do not yet believe myself when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.' (SINGER.)

366-67 Here they retire up, and allow Viola to take the stage for her speech. But see sketch of Sir Toby's character in Introductory Remarks, p. 14.

367 *Sage saws.* Cp. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 156, "Full of wise saws and modern instances." Also *Hamlet*, i. v. 98-101—

"Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there."

369 *Yet living.* "The terminations of the infinitive and present participle have been confused together, and the *-ing* in this construction represents the old infinitive inflection *-en.* This may explain— 'I my brother know
Yet *living* (to live) in my glass;'
i.e. 'that my brother lives.'" (*Sh. Gr.* § 349.) The meaning is,

that every time she looks in her glass she thinks she sees her brother.

370 *Favour.* 'Face,' as before.

371 *Still in this fashion.* 'He was always dressed like this.' *Still* in Shakspeare nearly invariably has the sense of 'constantly,' or 'ever.'

372 *O, if it prove.* Collier suggests *so if it prove* (true).

375 *Than a hare.* 'Than a hare is.'

379 *'Slid.* 'God's eyelid.' Cp. this with *'Slight.* 'The lid or covering of the vessel containing the Host,' has also been suggested.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

In the acting edition this scene is sometimes made a continuation of the preceding one.

5–8 Notice the double negatives that Feste uses, winding up with a treble one.

10 *Vent.* 'Pour forth,' 'utter.'

12 *Vent.* The Clown takes exception to this word as being affected, just as he previously objected to the word *element.* The Clown means that every one is becoming affected.

14–15 'I am afraid this great lubber the world,' &c.

15 *Cockney.* A term of reproach. 'A vagabond who hung about a kitchen of a large mansion, for the sake of what he could get to eat,' or 'a child brought up among servants.' See Glossary. The word only occurs once again in Shakespeare, and then it is put into the mouth of the Fool in *King Lear,* ii. 4. 124–125, "Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive."

18 *Foolish Greek.* "A merry Greek," or "a foolish Greek," were proverbial expressions for 'boon companions.' (SINGER.) The term occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida,* iv. 4. 58, "A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!" So, possibly, our expression, "As merry as a grig" (*i.e.* Greek). The Greeks were noted for their conviviality and drinking. See Cicero's oration against Verres, "Discumbitur; fit sermo inter eos et invitatio, ut Græco more biberetur: hospes hortatur, poscunt majoribus poculis; celebratur omnium sermone lætitiaq. convivium." Lat. *græcari,* to 'revel,' 'carouse.'

23 *After fourteen years' purchase.* 'After the rate of fourteen years' purchase.' This was a high rate, and any money given to fools for a good report was buying the commodity of reputation at a high rate. (KNIGHT.) *After fourteen years' purchase* is an aside.

34 *An action of battery.* *Battery*, from Fr. *battre*, to 'beat,' is in law 'an attack upon another by beating or wounding.'

39 *Well fleshed.* 'Well accustomed to fight.' When a sportsman wishes to encourage a young dog, he gives it the first game it catches, "to flesh its tooth." Cp. *Richard III.* iv. 3. 6, "Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs."

44 *Malapert.* 'Impudent.' From Fr. *mal* and O.Fr. *appert*, 'open,' 'expert.'

51 *Rudesby.* 'Rude, rough fellow.' Cp. *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 10, "A mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen."

53 *Extent* is in law 'a writ of execution' (*extensi facias*), whereby goods are seized for the king (at their *extended* value). It is therefore taken here for violence in general. (JOHNSON.) Cp. *As You Like It*, iii. 1. 16–17—

"And let my officers of state of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands."

56 *Botch'd up.* A coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to *botch* is to 'make clumsily.' (JOHNSON.) See i. 5. 44, and notes.

57 *Shall not choose but go.* Cp. ii. 5. 163, and note.

58 *Beshrew.* Cp. ii. 3. 79, and note.

59 *Heart*, &c. "He that offends me attacks one of my hearts, or, as the ancients expressed it, half my heart." (JOHNSON.) Another pun upon the words *heart* and *hart*, as in i. 1. 17–18.

60 *What relish is in this?* Lit. 'What does this taste of?' So, 'What does this show signs of?' 'What does this mean?'

61 *Or . . . or.* Note the expression *or . . . or* instead of *either . . . or*, or the omission of the first *or*.

62 *Still.* 'Ever.' Cp. iii. 4. 371.

Lethe. The river of forgetfulness, one of the four in Hades. Shakespeare makes several allusions to it. Cp. 2 *Henry IV.* v. 2. 72, "May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?"

SCENE 2.

2 *Sir Topas.* This name occurs in Chaucer, and is one of the Canterbury Tales. It is told by a man with a merry eye.

3 *The whilst.* Cp. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 254—

"If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst."

4 *Dissemble myself.* 'Disguise, or cloak myself.' Steevens makes the happy comparison, "Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat." This is to be found in Ovid, 1, *Art. am.* 690 (*de Achille*), and describes Achilles disguised in woman's attire.

5 *Dissembled.* 'Played the part of a hypocrite.'

6 *Tall* here probably means 'portly,' or 'of imposing appearance,' as *tall* is opposed to *lean* in the next line.

8 *To be said.* 'To be called.'

10 *Competitors.* 'Confederates,' 'colleagues.' Cp. *Richard III.* iv. 4. 506, "And every hour more competitors flock to their aid." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 6. 35, "Myself in counsel, his competitor." *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 82, "And he and his competitors in oath."

12–13 *Old hermit of Prague*, &c. A satire on the pedantry of the day. Douce says "the old hermit of Prague was called the hermit of Camaldoli of Tuscany." It seems unlikely that the Clown was alluding to any one in particular.

14 *Gorboduc.* An ancient British king, subject of the first English tragedy (published 1565), which was called *Gorboduc; or, Ferrex and Porrex.* Its authors were Sackville and Norton.

That that is, is. A humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis et præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, "Whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not be," with much trifling of the like kind. (WARBURTON.)

17 *Sir Topas.* The topas, or topaz, was supposed in former times to be a remedy for madness. Note how appropriate, then, is the name for the imaginary curate. See *Arcula Gemmea; or, A Cabinet of Jewels*, by Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus Colledge in Cambridge, "It is thought to be a very excellent remedy for the mitigating of choler and of cholerick passions. It is reported of it that it doth drive away nocturnal fears; and that it is a very effective amulet against cholerick distempers of the brain."

19 *The knave counterfeits well.* Of course the reason for making the Clown disguise himself, when Malvolio is "in hideous darkness," and can see nothing, is for dramatic effect. Unless the part were played by a very good actor, this dual impersonation might be misunderstood, and would certainly drag and fall flat without the necessary stage accessory of change of dress.

24 *Hyperbolical.* Lit. 'exaggerated,' 'fiend of an exaggerated kind.'

33 *That house.* The Clown calling the room a house is all in keeping with the imaginary bay-windows and clearstories which follow.

36 *Barricadoes.* 'Barricades.' See Glossary.

Clearstories. See Glossary.

46 *Abused.* Cp. iii. 1. 112; v. 1. 18; and v. 1. 371.

47 *Constant question.* 'Regular conversation.' (MALONE.)

56 *The opinion of Pythagoras.* This is explained in *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 131–33—

"To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men."

Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras. This would be specially exasperating to a Puritan.

57 *Woodcock.* An intentional insult. See note ii. 5. 81.

61 *I am for all waters.* The word *water*, as used by jewellers, denotes the colour and the lustre of diamonds, and from thence is applied, though with less propriety, to the colour and hue of other precious stones. I think that Shakespeare, in this place, alludes to this sense of the word *water*. . . . The Clown is complimented by Sir Toby for personating Sir Topas so exquisitely; to which he replies that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *topaz*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the Curate. (MONCK MASON.) Mr. Henley has adopted the same idea, and adds that "the Clown in his reply plays upon the name of Topas, and intimates that he could sustain as well the character of another person, let him be called by what *gem* he might. (STEEVENS.) Cf. the proverb, "I am a knight for all saddles."

66 *If he may be . . . I would he were.* Note the irregular sequence of tenses: *may* is used for *can*.

70 "*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin.*" This ballad is to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

73 *Perdy=Par Dieu.* Cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 304–305—

"For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy."

78 *So* is omitted after *as*. "As ever thou wilt deserve well at my hands, (so) help me to a candle," where *as* means 'in which degree,' and *so* 'in that degree.' Hence *as* approximates to *if*. (*Sh. Gr.* § 275.)

83 *Besides.* Used instead of *beside* in Tyndale, *Acts* xxvi. 24, "Paul, thou arte besides thyselfe." *Beside*, or *besides*, means 'out of,' especially of any mental state; so our common expression "beside oneself." So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 180, "Beside themselves with fear;" and 1 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 179, "Enough to put him quite beside his patience," &c.

Five wits. Reckoned in analogy to the senses. (JOHNSON.)

88 *Propertied me.* "They have taken possession of me as a man unable to look after himself." (JOHNSON.) "Treated me as a tool." (ABBOTT, in *Sh. Gr.*) Cp. *King John*, v. 2. 79–82—

"I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world."

91 *Advise you.* The predilection for transitive verbs was perhaps one among other causes why many verbs which are now used intransitively were used by Shakespeare reflexively. Many of these were derived from the French. (*Sh. Gr.* § 296.)

92 *Malvolio, Malvolio.* The Clown now adopts the tone and voice of the imaginary Sir Topas.

93 *Endeavour thyself.* Cp. *advise you* in line 91.

93–94 *Bibble babble.* Intensive reduplication of *babble.* Cp. *tittle-tattle, pit-pat,* 'idle or empty talk,' 'prating.' A word in common use in the sixteenth century. (MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary.*) See Glossary.

96 *Maintain no words.* Spoken as Sir Topas.

97 *Who, I, sir?* As the Clown.

98 *Marry, amen.* As Sir Topas.

I will, sir, I will. As the Clown, and as if he had received a whispered order from Sir Topas.

101 *Shent.* 'Disgraced,' 'scolded,' 'reproved.' See Glossary. Cp. *Coriolanus,* v. 2. 104, "Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?" Cp. *Fairie Queen*—

"Debateful strife and cruel enmity
The famous name of knighthood foully shend."

106 *By this hand.* Cp. i. 3. 33.

108 *Advantage thee.* So in *Titus Andronicus,* v. i. 56, "That highly may advantage thee to hear."

110–11 *Are you not mad indeed?* The Clown asks this question to taunt Malvolio. It means, 'Are you really in your senses? or do you but act as though you were?'

120 *In a trice.* 'In a moment.' The hour was divided into minutes, seconds, and *trices,* or thirds. Cp. *King Lear,* i. 1. 219, "In this trice of time;" and *Tempest,* v. 1. 237, "On a trice, so please you."

121 *Vice.* One of the characters in the old moral plays or allegories, which were common enough in the reign of Henry VI. In them the performers personated such characters as Mercy, Virtue, Vice, &c. The latter character used to make sport of the devil, beating him and paring his nails with a wooden dagger. This is alluded to in *Henry V.* iv. 4. 74–77, "Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play. that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger."

128 *Adieu, goodman devil.* All through the song the Clown has compared himself to Vice and Malvolio to the devil. Thus, "Pare thy nails, dad;" and now he adds, "Adieu, goodman devil." *Goodman,* or rather *godeman,* is used as a translation of Lat. *paterfamilias* in an O.E. *Miscellany,* edited by Morris, p. 33, "Two bondmen, whyche be all under the rule and order of the *good man* and the *good wyfe* of the house." (Sir T. MORE'S *Utopia,* English version, edited by Arber, p. 75.) Compounded

of *good* and *man*. Cp. Lowland Scotch *gude man*, 'the master of a family' (JAMIESON). (SKEAT'S *Etym. Dict.*) Cp. *King Lear*, ii. 2. 48–49—"With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh thee." According to some, it was often used as equivalent to our *Mr.*, and frequently ironically; but according to others was "used euphemistically for the devil. From the earliest ages there has been a tendency to treat the various personifications of evil with respect. Thus the Erinnys of Greek mythology became the σεμναὶ θεαί (=venerable goddesses) of popular phrase, and the Eumenides (=well-meaning ones) of later poets." (*Encyclopædic Dictionary.*)

SCENE 3.

This scene—act iv. scene 3—is made act v. scene 1 in the acting edition.

6 *Credit.* 'Belief,' 'this thing believed.' So 'news' or 'intelligence.' Possibly *credit* is written for *credited.* Many other readings have been unnecessarily proposed.

12 *Instance.* 'Example.' (JOHNSON.)

Discourse. 'Reasoning.' "Discourse of reason" is found in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 150—

"O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer."

15 *Trust.* 'Belief.' (JOHNSON.)

21 *Deceivable.* 'Deceptive.' Only once used again by Shakespeare, and then in this sense. Cp. *Richard II.* ii. 3. 84, "Whose duty is deceivable and false."

24 *Chantry.* 'A chapel endowed to support a priest, or priests, to chant masses daily for the founder when dead.'

26 It should be remarked that this was not an actual marriage, but a betrothing, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage, anciently distinguished by the name of espousal. (SINGER). See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespere.*

27–28 A foot or syllable can be omitted when there is any marked pause, whether arising from (1) emotion, (2) antithesis, (3) parenthesis, (4) merely from the introduction of a relative clause, or even a new statement.

"That mý | most jéal | ous ánd | too dóubt | ful héart
May líve | at péace | —' | He sháll | concéal it."

(*Sh. Gr.* § 508.) The reading there is *heart* instead of *soul.*

29 *Whiles*, or *while*, now means only 'during the time when,' but in Elizabethan English both *while* and *whiles* meant also 'up and ἕως to the time when.' Cp. a similar use of *dum* in Latin, in Greek. (*Sh. Gr.* § 137.) "We will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone. *While* [till] then, God be with you."
—*Macbeth*, iii. 1. 43.

Lord Chedworth quotes from the trial of Spencer, Cowper, and others at Hertford, 5 *State Trials*, 195, "My Lord, then we should keep you here while to-morrow morning."

30 *Celebration.* The celebration or ceremony of marriage itself.

31 *Birth.* 'Social position.'

34 *Heavens so shine.* An allusion to the proverb, "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls." (STEEVENS.)

ACT V.

SCENE 1.

18 *Abused.* 'Used ill,' or 'put to a wrong use.' Cp. iii. 1. 112; iv. 2. 46; and v. i. 371.

Conclusions. 'Logical deductions.' Coleridge explains this passage thus: "The humour lies in the whispered *No* and the inviting *Don't* with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

29 *Your grace.* 'Your honour,' or 'good name for honour.' There is a play upon the words "your grace" (as title of a duke), just as there is a play upon the word "double-dealing" in line 26.

30 *It.* 'The evil counsel of double-dealing.'

31 *So much a sinner to be.* Note the omission of *as*. Cp. ii. 4. 96, "So big to hold;" and ii. 2. 8, "So hardy to come."

34 *Triplex.* 'Triple time in music.' So called because the bars are divisible into three equal parts.

35 *Bells of Saint Bennet.* If this is an allusion to the bells of St. Bennet in London, Shakespeare must have forgotten, for the moment, that he had laid this scene in Illyria.

37–38 *At this throw.* 'At this cast of the dice,' or 'hazard.'

50 *Bawbling.* 'Trifling,' 'contemptible,' 'paltry.' Cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 34–35, where it is spelt "bauble"—

> "The sea being smooth,
> How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
> Upon her patient breast."

51 *Unprizable.* According to *Sh. Gr.*, "Not able to be made a prize of, or captured." Possibly valueless if captured, or, on the other hand, possibly of great value, owing to its shallow draught and handiness in the fight. The word will bear any one of these three meanings.

52 *Scathful.* 'Harmful,' 'injurious.' Cp. *Richard III.* i. 3. 317, "To pray for them that have done scathe to us." The noun occurs frequently in Shakespeare, but this is the only place where the adjective is used.

53 *Bottom.* 'Ship.' Especially used to denote the hull of a merchant vessel. Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 42, "My ventures are not in one bottom trusted."

54–55 'That even those who envied him and were defeated by him.'

57 *Fraught.* Our noun is *freight*, but Shakespere uses *fraught* as a noun in *Othello*, iii. 2. 449, "Swell bosom with thy fraught;" and it occurs again in *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1. 71, "Lo, as the bark, that hath discharged her fraught."

From. An ellipse. Supply *on her return*, or *coming*.

Candy. 'Candia.'

60 *Desperate of shame and state.* 'Destitute of shame,' and 'not caring for his position.'

61 *Brabble.* 'Brawl.' The word is now obsolete. Cp. *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 1. 62, "This petty brabble will undo us all."

67 *Dear.* A word used to express 'intensity.' Cp. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 182, "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven." And *Richard III.* i. 4. 214–15—

> "How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
> When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?"

73 *Ingrateful.* This word occurs again in *Henry V.* ii. 2. 95—

> "Thou cruel,
> Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature."

79 *Pure.* Note adjective used for adverb. Cp. "swear horrible," iii. 4. 171.

85 *A twenty years removed thing.* A phrase like "A ten times barred up chest," in *Richard II.* i. 1. 180.

87 *Recommended.* 'Commended,' 'given into his charge.'

95 *But* means 'setting aside' in "What would my lord *but* that [which] he may not have wherein Olivia may seem serviceable." (*Sh. Gr.* § 128.)

105 *Fat and fulsome.* 'O'ercloying and sickening.' (STAUNTON.)

109 *Ingrate.* 'Ungrateful.' Cp. *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 270, "Will not so graceless be to be ingrate."

114 *The Egyptian thief.* The story alluded to here is that of Thyamis, a native of Memphis, who at the head of a band of robbers had seized Theagenes and Chariclea, and had fallen in love with the latter. Being attacked by another band of robbers, he shut her up in a cave along with his treasures, until despairing of safety he attempted to murder her. The story is taken from Heliodorus' *Æthiopics*, and Malone points out that a translation of this existed in 1587.

121 *Minion.* 'Favourite,' 'servile flatterer.' Fr. *mignon*, 'a darling.'

129 *To do you rest.* 'To give you rest.'

134 *For tainting of.* See *Sh. Gr.* § 93.

136 *Does do. Does* is here used as an auxiliary to *do*. See *Sh. Gr.* § 303.

137 *Forgot.* Note *forgot* for *forgotten*, very common in Elizabethan English. See note on i. 4. 21.

143 *Strangle thy propriety.* 'Suppress thy personal identity.' (SINGER.)

155 *Interchangement of your rings.* "In our ancient marriage ceremony the man received as well as gave a ring." (STEEVENS.)

156 *Compact.* The accent is invariably on the last syllable of this word in Shakespeare. Note that *ceremony* is a trisyllable.

161 *Case.* 'Skin.' Used contemptuously. (JOHNSON.) Cp. *All's Well That Ends Well*, iii. 6. 110–11, "We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him.

167 *Little. A* is omitted before *little*, where we commonly place it in the sense of 'some.' (*Sh. Gr.* § 86.) Note the antithesis *little . . . too much.*

169 *Presently.* 'Immediately,' 'at once,' as in iii. 4. 190.

178 *Incardinate.* Sir Andrew, in his excitement, does not get the word quite right; he means 'incarnate.' Elbow, in *Measure for Measure*, calls carnally *cardinally;* and Launcelot Gobbo, in *Merchant of Venice*, speaks of Shylock as "the very devil incarn*al*."

180 *'Od's lifelings.* 'By God's life.' *'Od's* is frequently followed by a sort of diminutive of this kind. "'Od's heartlings" ('By God's heart'), in *Merry Wives of Windsor;* "'Od's pittikins" ('By God's pity'), in *Cymbeline.* Also we find "'Od's my little life," and "'Od's bodikins" ('By God's body'), &c.

190 *Othergates.* 'Otherwise,' 'in a different way.'

192 *Has.* 'He has,' frequently pronounced, and sometimes written, *has.* (*Sh. Gr.* § 400.) Cp. i. 5. 144, and note on i. 3. 62.

195 *Were set.* 'Fixed with a glassy stare,' owing to the effect of drink. So in *Tempest*, iii. 2. 9–10, Stephano says to Caliban, "Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head."

196–97 *Passy measures pavin.* There are several readings proposed; but Sir Toby has frequently mentioned dances before —*e.g.* galliard, coranto, jig—and when in his cups he calls Malvolio by the name of a song, viz., Peg-a-Ramsey. What more natural than he should call the surgeon "a passy measures pavin," which is a slow, stately dance, as though to say 'a grave, solemn coxcomb'? and which, as Malone suggests, he would probably hate. The word is derived from *pavo*, 'a peacock,' because the ladies had trains like peacock-tails. The Peacock

Dance exists at the present day in India. *Passy measure* is probably *passamezzo*, 'a slow step.' Another view entertained is that this dance ended with a quick reeling motion, hence the force of "I hate a drunken rogue" immediately following; but the first explanation seems the best.

202 *An ass-head*, &c. The pointing of the Globe Edition has been followed. These epithets are obviously applied to Sir Andrew Aguecheek, as the epithet *thin-faced* serves to show.

211 *So late ago* seems to be a combination of *so lately* and *so short a time ago*. (*Sh. Gr.* § 411.)

213 *A natural perspective*. I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from *Humane Industry* (1661): "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass. . . . A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces, but if one did look on it through a *perspective* there appeared only the single pourtraicture of the chancellor himself." Thus that which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing. This seems also to explain a passage in *King Henry V.* v. 2, "Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid." (TOLLETT.) Note that the accent of *perspective* falls on the first syllable.

223 *Deity*, &c. 'Power in me, which God only possesses, of being everywhere.'

226 *Of charity*. An ellipse of *for the sake of charity*.

230 *Suited*. 'Dressed.' Cp. *All's Well That Ends Well*, i. 1. 170, "Richly suited, but unsuitable."

233 *Dimension*. 'Bodily shape.'

234 *Which*. Supply *in* before *which*.

235 *As the rest goes even*. 'As other things harmonize or agree.'

242 *Record*. Note accent on last syllable. Cp. *Richard III.* iii. 1. 72, 74, "Is it upon record, or else reported?" "Upon record, my gracious lord."

245 *Lets to make*. *To* is inserted after *let*, both in the sense of 'hinder' (as here) and 'suffer.' Cp. line 349, "And *let* (suffer) no quarrel nor no brawl *to* come." (*Sh. Gr.* § 349.)

248 *Cohere and jump*. 'Coincide and agree exactly.' Cp. 1 *Henry IV.* i. 2, 77–78, "And in some sort it jumps with my humour."

255 *Mistook*. *Mistook* for *mistaken*, as *forgot* for *forgotten* in v. 1. 137. See note on i. 4. 21.

256 *Bias*. Lit. 'slanting,' or 'oblique.' Taken from bowls, which have a certain construction to make them run obliquely.

So figuratively 'inclination,' 'leaning,' 'tendency,' 'swaying,' 'influence.' (See MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary*.)

267 *Orbed continent the fire.* 'The sun.'

274 *Enlarge him.* 'Set him at large,' or 'at liberty.'

275 *Remember me.* Note the reflexive use, and cp. *endeavour thyself*, iv. 2. 93; and *advise you*, iv. 2. 91. In *Richard II.* i. 3. 268–70, we find—

> "Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
> Will but remember me, what a deal of world
> I wander from the jewels that I love."

And in *Tempest*, i. 2. 243, "Let me remember thee what thou hast promised."

276 *Distract* for *distracted.* Cp. line 255.

277 *Extracting frenzy.* "A frenzy that drew me away from everything but its own object" (WARBURTON); *i.e.* her love for Cesario.

281 *Has.* See note on line 192.

Writ for *written.* See note on line 255, and i. 4. 21.

284 *It skills not much.* 'It doesn't signify much.' Cp. *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 134, "It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn."

290 *You must allow Vox.* The Clown had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, "If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantic tone." (MALONE.)

293 *Perpend.* Lit. 'weigh in the mind.' Used in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 68–69, "Learn of the wise and perpend."

309 *These things further thought on.* A nominative absolute.

311 *On't.* 'Of it;' *i.e.* 'the double character of sister and wife.'

312 *Proper cost.* 'At my own personal expense.' Cp. *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 97, "When I have slain thee with my proper hand."

315 *Mettle of your sex.* 'Constitution natural to woman.'

325 *From it.* 'Differently from it.'

332 *Lighter people.* 'People of less importance.' (JOHNSON.)

336 *Geck.* 'A fool,' 'a dupe.' Cp. *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 67—

> "And to become the geck and scorn
> O' th' other's villainy."

342 *Then camest.* Either *then* is written for *thou*, or more probably *thou* is understood as in ii. 3. 112, and cp. i. 3. 62.

343 *Presupposed.* 'Previously pointed out for its imitation,' or 'such as it was supposed thou wouldest assume after reading the letter.' The supposition was previous to the act. (STEEVENS).

345 *Practice.* 'Trick,' or 'stratagem.' Cp. the use of the

word in i. 2. 13, "Courage and hope both teaching him the practice."

Passed upon thee. 'Played upon thee.' See note on iii. 1. 42, "Nay, an' thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee."

349 *Let.* For *let*, followed by *to*. See note on line 245.

354 *Upon.* 'Because of.'

355 *We had conceived against him.* Tyrwhitt proposed 'which we had conceived in him.'

Writ. For 'wrote.'

356 *Importance.* 'Importunity.' Cp. *King John*, ii. 1. 7, "At our importance hither is he come." It was Maria, however, who concocted the whole scheme, without any instigation of Sir Toby. See ii. 3.

357 *He hath married her.* What with his wounds ("a bloody coxcomb") and his drunken condition, one would have thought that Sir Toby could hardly have been in a fit state to go through the marriage service. Still it would have been difficult to bring in Maria again, and the audience would be well pleased to hear of her marriage. It would also be a good match for Sir Toby, and a hint of reformation on his part.

359 *Pluck on.* 'Draw on,' 'so cause.' Cp. *Richard III.* iv. 2. 65, "Sin will pluck on sin."

360 *If that.* "If that," used for *if*, as in i. 5. 300.

362 *Baffled.* 'Discomfited,' 'brought into disgrace or trouble.' See Glossary. Cp. "I will baffle Sir Toby," ii. v. 151, and *Samson Agonistes*, 1237, "Go, baffled coward!"

364 *Thrown upon them.* The Clown, quoting from memory, is not quite accurate. He of course imitates, with some slight exaggerations, the voice and mannerisms of Malvolio in "I am not mad," "an you smile not, he's gagged," &c.

365 *Interlude.* 'A short performance between the acts of a play,' or 'between the play and the afterpiece.' In *Midsummer Night's Dream* there is the interlude of Pyramus and Thisby. There were also short satirical plays called Interludes. The best known writer of these was John Heywood, called the Epigrammatist, who in *Colin Clout* and other interludes ridiculed the clergy.

369 *The whirligig of Time. Whirligig*, lit. 'a toy which can be spun or whirled round.' Here the meaning is time, which revolves and brings round the seasons. Cp. Tennyson's *Will Waterproof's Monologue*—

"As on this whirligig of time
We circle with the seasons."

There was an instrument for punishing petty offenders called a whirligig, consisting of a kind of wooden cage turning on a pivot, in which the offender was whirled round with great velocity.

371 *Abused.* See iii. 1. 112, &c.

374 *Convents.* 'Calls us together again.'

376 This line is scanned thus—

"Of oúr | dear soúls | —' | Meantime | sweet sís | ter,"

with extra syllable.

380 *Fancy's queen.* 'Queen of his love.' Cp. this use of the word in i. 1. 14.

381 *When that.* Notice the expression. We say *when.* Cp. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 96, "When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept."

381 *And* is explained in *Sh. Gr.* § 96, "When that I was a little, and that a very little tiny boy." Cp. this song with a verse sung by the Fool in *King Lear*, iii. 2.—

"He that has and a little tiny wit
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day."

387 *Knaves and thieves.* Possibly should be *knave* and *thief*, the meaning being that the gates were shut against him.

393–95 *Beds . . . heads.* Hanmer reads *bed . . . head.* Steevens thinks that this song was not written by Shakespeare at all, but was introduced by the Clown, and tacked on to the prompt copy. Though it is quite true that there was often singing and dancing between the acts, and that the Clown often played on his pipe and tabor and danced at the end of the play, yet there can be little doubt that Knight is quite correct when he says, "We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical song upon record, and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life from the condition of 'a little tiny boy,' through 'man's estate' to decaying age, 'when I came upon my bed;' and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual, is true of the species, and what was of yesterday, was of generations long passed away, for

"'A great while ago the world began.'"

GLOSSARY

In compiling the Glossary I have made free use of the Glossaries in the Falcon Series. The letters H.C.B., O.E., and W.H.P.-S. show the sources from which I have derived my information, and are the initials of the Editors of the various plays in this series.

A

A, used as a prefix in *a-hungry* (ii. 3. 125), worn down from *on* or *in.*

Abatement (i. 1. 13) is used for a 'state of depreciation.'

Abhor (ii. 5. 188). From *ab-horrēre,* to 'shrink back from,' to 'hate.'

Ability (iii. 4. 332). From *habilitas,* 'a thing within one's ability,' and here used for pecuniary power, wealth, or means.

Accost (i. 3. 48). To 'come to the side of a person for the purpose of speaking to him.' Lat. *ad costam.*

Address (i. 4. 15). From late Lat. *addirectiare,* from *ad* + *directiare,* to 'make straight.' It has three meanings: (1) To 'make anything straight.' (2) To 'direct the course of anything.' (3) To 'direct towards an object,' to 'apply oneself.' Used here (in sense 2) as also in *Paradise Lost,* ix. 496,

> "So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
> In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
> Addressed his way." (MURRAY.)

Admire (iii. 4. 144). Fr. *admirer,* a refashioning of O.Fr. *amirer;* Lat. *admirari* ('to marvel or wonder at') from *ad* + *mirari.* Cp. Greene, *Francis Bacon,* ix. 233, "Lordlings admire not, if your cheer be this, for we must keep our academic fare." (MURRAY.)

Affect (ii. 5. 24). 'Love.' From Fr. *affecter;* Lat. *affectare,* to 'aim at,' frequentative of *afficere.* Cp. North, *Plutarch* (1676), 43, "Their favourers and lovers, which did affect and entertain them." (MURRAY.)

Affectioned (ii. 3. 146). See note.

Allow (i. 2. 59) means 'approve;' from *allaudare*. Allow, in the sense of assign, comes through the Fr. *allouer*, from Lat. *allocare*, to 'assign.' "The two were apparently completely identified in O. Fr., and viewed as senses of one word, which was adopted with both senses in English about 1300." (MURRAY.)

An (i. 3. 12). *An* = 'if.' *An*, *and*, are the same, *an* being written for the copulative not uncommonly from 1100-1500, and for the conditional conjunction occasionally after 1600. Skeat says that this use of *and* was derived from that of the Norse *enda*, which = not only 'moreover,' but 'if.' (H.C.B.)

Anon (iv. 2. 118; v. 1. 96). From *on*, *án*, 'at once.'

Answered (iii. 3. 28, 33). O.Eng. *andswar-ian*, from *and*, 'against in reply to' + *swara*, 'affirmation.' The original meaning was thus 'a solemn affirmation made to rebut a charge.' The extension to the common meaning of 'reply' is parallel to that of Grk. ἀποκρίνεσθαι, from ἀπό, 'off' + κρίνειν, to 'judge;' *i.e.* 'get oneself off from judgment,' and Lat. *respondere*, from *re*, 'back,' 'undoing' + *spondere*, to 'pledge oneself,' hence to 'rebut a liability.' Hence it has three meanings: (1) To 'make a statement in reply to a legal charge,' to 'meet a charge,' so to 'suffer the consequences,' 'pay the penalty.' (2) To 'speak, write, or act in reply to a question or remark.' (3) To 'act in response to an act, suitably, consequently.' For sense (1) cp. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2. 85, "And grievously hath Cæsar answered it." Sense (2) very common; and for sense (3) cp. *Tempest*, i. 2. 190, "I come to answer thy best pleasure." (See MURRAY.)

Apt (i. 4. 36). Lat. *aptus*, 'fitted,' 'suitable,' 'appropriate,' and is used in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 3. 68, for 'susceptible,' "Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men?"

As. (1) A conjunction and adverb; (2) a relative pronoun. The latter, however, according to Skeat, is a distinct word, being a corruption of the Icelandic *es*.

Aught (v. 1. 104). O.Eng. *á*, *ó*, 'ever' + *wiht*, 'creature,' 'being,' 'wight,' 'whit,' 'thing;' lit. 'e'er a whit' = 'anything whatever.' In O.E. the full *à-wiht* was phonetically contracted through several stages to *âht*, whence regularly M.E. *ōht*, *ōght*. Modern *ought*, the usual form in English writers from 1300-1550. But there must also have been a form *awht*, *aht*, with the original long *á* shortened before the two consonants, whence regularly, as (in *caught*, *taught*, &c.) M.E., *aht*, *aght*, Modern *aught*, the spelling now preferred, as distinguishing this word from *ought*. In Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope *ought* and *aught* occur indiscriminately. (MURRAY.)

B

Back-trick (i. 3. 119). 'A caper backwards in dancing.' *Back* in combination is used in many relations—subs., adj., adverbial (rarely verbal) — often difficult to separate, and in various senses. In some of these the combination is very loose, the use of the hyphen being almost optional. (MURRAY.)

Baffle (ii. 5. 151); **baffled** (v. 1. 362) "is best explained by Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 7. 27—

"He by the heels him hung upon a tree,
And baffull'd so that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see."

This punishment was inflicted on recreant knights, but the history of the word in this sense is obscure. The Lowland Scotch to *bauchle*, to 'treat with contumely,' and Fr. *bafouer*, to 'mock, or gull,' are cognates." (O.E.)

Balked (iii. 2. 23). See note. "Cognates are German *Balken*, 'a beam.' O.Eng. *balca*, 'a ridge or bank.'" (O.E.)

Barricadoes (iv. 2. 36). 'Barricades.' Generally given as from the Italian, but rather from the Spanish. Florio has *barricata*, *barricada*, 'a barricado.' Spanish *barrica*, 'a barrel,' there being no Italian subs. *barrica* from which the verb *barricade* could be made. (SKEAT.)

Bawcock (iii. 4. 107). From Fr. *beau coq*, 'fine fellow.'

Be-. Prefix in *belike*, *betimes* (*q.v.*). O.Eng. *be*, weak or stressless form of the prep. and adv. *bi*. The original Teutonic form was as in Gothic *bi*, with short vowel, probably cognate with second syllable of Grk. ἀμφί, Lat. *ambi*. (MURRAY.)

Belike (iii. 3. 29). *Be*, 'by' + *like*, 'by what is likely,' 'by what seems.'

Beshrew (ii. 3. 79; iv. i. 58). *Beshrew*, originally to 'make evil,' then to 'invoke evil upon.' From *shrewen*, to 'curse,' which is from the adj. *schrewe*. The p.p. of *shrewen* is *shrewd*, which originally meant 'cursed,' 'spiteful,' but now is merely employed in the sense of 'sharp' or 'clever.'

Betimes (ii. 3. 2). 'Betime.' Mid.Eng. *by time*. *Betime* + adverbial genitive *s*. Cp. *beside*, *besides*, and see note on *besides* in iv. 2. 83.

Bibble-babble (iv. 2. 93). See note. "*Babble*, Mid.Eng. *babelen*, to 'keep on saying *ba*, *ba*,' to 'mumble.' This imitative sound runs through many languages. Lat. *balbus*, 'a stammerer,' *balbutio*; Grk. βαμβαίνω and βάρβαρος; Heb. *balbal*. So *Genesis* xi. 9, man's city *Bab-el* ('Gate of God') had its name changed to *Babel*, 'babble, or confusion of tongues.'" (W.H.P-S.)

Bide (ii. 4. 94). "Mostly replaced in Modern English by its compound *abide*, but regularly preserved in Northern English and Scotch. Its use here in the sense of to 'bear,' to 'undergo,' is obsolete, except in dialects." (MURRAY.)

Brabble (v. 1. 61). 'A broil,' 'a petty quarrel.' Dutch, *brabbelen*.

Bring (iii. 2. 80) means to 'escort or accompany' (us). Cp. *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 2. 3, "I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me."

Brock (ii. 5. 99). 'A badger.' O.Eng. *broc*, from Celtic. "To stink like a brock" was proverbial.

Bum-baily (iii. 4. 170). "The bailiff that is close at the debtor's back, or that catches him in the rear. A contemptuous synonym of bailiff. Cp. French equivalent *pousse-cul*, colloquially shortened to *cul*." (MURRAY.)

C

Cantons (i. 5. 265). 'Canton,' a variant of *canto*, perhaps from confusing the Italian *canto*, 'corner;' *canto*, 'song;' *cantone*, 'corner;' *canzone*, 'song.' (MURRAY.)

Case (v. 1. 161). 'Skin.' Here used contemptuously, commonly the 'skin of an animal.' From Lat. *capsa*, 'case,' from *capere*, 'to hold.'

Ceremony (v. 1. 156). "From Lat. *caerimonia*, 'a civil or religious rite.' In *Julius Cæsar* the word is used for *decorations* (i. 1. 70), and also for *omens* (ii. 1. 197; 2. 13)." (H.C.B.)

Champain (ii. 5. 150). See note. Fr. *campagne*. "In the abuses of the customs meseems you have a fair champaign laid open to you, in which you may at large stretch out your discourse." (SPENCER, *View of the State of Ireland*.) The word occurs also as an adjective in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 134—

"The champain head
Of a steep wilderness."

Chantry (iv. 3. 24). See note. Mid.Eng. *chaunterie*. (*Canterbury Tales*, Prologue 511.) Lat. *cantare*, freq. of *cano*, so *chanticleer*; *i.e.* 'clear singing.' (SKEAT.)

Cheveril (iii. 1. 12). N.F. *chevrel*. 'Kid leather.' See note.

Clause (iii. 1. 152). "Lat. *clausula* was a term in rhetoric denoting the conclusion or winding up of a statement." (HUNTER.)

Clearstories (iv. 2. 36). The clearstory, or clerestory, is so called because it is a story furnished with windows, and is

opposed to *the blind story*, or triforium, a series of arches between the nave and clerestory. (SKEAT.)

Cockatrice (iii. 4. 188). For an account of this fabulous creature see note.

Cockney (iv. 1. 15). Probably from Lat. *coquina*, 'a kitchen.' So *coquinatus*, a term of reproach, 'a vagabond who hung about the kitchen of a large mansion for the sake of what he could get to eat,' or 'a child brought up among servants.' Fr. *coquineau*, 'a scoundrel,' 'base varlet.' *Coquiner*, to 'beg,' to 'play the rogue.' *Coquinerie*, 'beggary.' *Coquin*, 'a beggar,' 'a poor sneak,' probably due to the verb *coquiner*, which answers to the Low Lat. *coquinare*, to 'cook;' *i.e.* to 'serve in a kitchen.' (SKEAT.)

Commodity (iii. 1. 44). Lat. *commodus*, 'advantage.' Here means 'quantity or shipload.'

Competitors (iv. 2. 10). Lat. *competitor*, 'a fellow candidate for an office.' Fr. *con+peto*, to 'fall,' to 'fly towards.' Here there is no sense of rivalry implied. See note.

Con (i. 5. 169.; ii. 3. 147). To 'learn by heart.' A.S. *cunnan*, to 'know.'

Coranto (i. 3. 125). Through Fr. from Lat. *curro*, 'a lively, tripping measure.' "After this they danced galliards and corantos." (BEN JONSON'S *Masques at Court*.)

County (i. 5. 296). From Lat. *comitem*, through Fr. *conte*, the last syllable being sounded. (H.C.B.)

Coystril (i. 3. 39). 'A mean, paltry fellow.' Put for *coustrell*, which was the older form. "Coustrell that wayteth on a speare; cousteiller." (PALSGRAVE.) "An esquire of the body, an armour-bearer unto a knight, the servant of a man at armes; also, a groom of a stable, a horse-keeper." (COTGRAVE.) The use of the word in the sense of 'paltry fellow' is precisely parallel to the similar use of *groom*, *lackey*, *hind*, &c. The literal sense is 'one who carries a poniard.' From Fr. *coustille;* O.Fr. *coutel* or *cotel*, from Lat. *cultellus*, 'a knife.' The Low Lat. form of *coistrel* is *cultellarius*, 'a soldier armed with a cutlass.'—*Ducange*. (SKEAT.)

Cozier (ii. 3. 89). *Cozier*, or *cosier*. Fr. *coudre;* Sp. *coser*, *cusir*, to 'sew.' From Lat. *consuere*, to 'sew together,' from *con+suere*, to 'sew.' "A tailor who botches his work." (WEBSTER.)

Crowner (i. 5. 131). 'An officer appointed by the Crown.' From Mid. Eng. verb *coronen*, to 'crown.' "The word coroner occurs first in a spurious charter of King Athelstan to Beverley, dated A.D. 925—really of 14th century." (SKEAT.) See note.

Cunning (ii. 2. 21). Lit. 'knowledge acquired by experience,' 'skill.' From A.S. *cunnan*, to 'know.'

Curst (iii. 2. 40). Mid. Eng. *carsen*, *corsen*. Remoter origin obscure; perhaps Scand., due to Swed. *korsa*, Dan. *korse*, to 'make the sign of the cross;' and so from idea of cross, 'transverse.' (SKEAT.)

D

Dallies (ii. 4. 47). *Dally*, to 'trifle,' 'fool away time.' Mid. Eng. *dalien*, which is a dialectal variety of older Mid. Eng. *dwelien*, to 'err,' 'be foolish.' Later the word *dalien* was imagined to be French, and took French suffix *ance*, so *dalliance*. (SKEAT.)

Dear (v. 1. 67). See note. A.S. *deor*.

Deliver (i. 5. 202; iii. 2. 55; v. 1. 287). "Through O.Fr. *delivrer*, from. Low Lat. *deliberare*, to 'set free.' Often used for *relate*." (H.C.B.) Note its use in v. 1. 287, "When the fool delivers the madman."

Despite (iii. 4. 214). 'Hatred mixed with contempt.' Fr. *dépit*; Lat. *despicere*.

Diet (iii. 3. 40). Here used for food or victuals in general. Lat. *dieta*; Grk. διαίτη.

Directly (iii. 4. 63). From *directus*, p.p. of *dirigere*, to 'straighten.'

Dissemble myself (iv. 2. 4). See notes.

Dissembled (iv. 2. 5). See notes.

Ducat (i. 3. 21). "Through O.Fr. *ducat*, from Low Lat. *ducatus*, 'a duchy.' So called because when they were first coined in the duchy of Apulia about A.D. 1140) they bore the legend, 'Sit tibi, Christe datus, quem tu regis, iste *ducatus*.'" (SKEAT, quoted by H.C.B.)

E

Element (i. 1. 26, 'sky;' ii. 3. 9). "The elementes be those originall thinges unmyxt and uncompounde, of whose temperãce and myxture all other things hauynge corporall substaunce be compacte; of them be foure, that is to saye, earthe, water, ayre, and fyre." (ELYOT, *Castel of Helth*, book 1, quoted by H.C.B.) See note on *eating and drinking*, ii. 3. 11.

Extravagancy (ii. 1. 10). See note. Lat. *vagor*, *vagans*, 'wandering.'

F

Fadge (ii. 2. 32). A.S. *gefegan*, 'join,' 'suit,' 'fit in.'

Fancy (i. 1. 14, 'love;' ii. 5. 25, used as a verb, 'to love.') "Corruption of *fantasy*, through French and Low. Lat., from Grk. φαντασία, 'imagination,' in which sense it occurs in *Tempest*, iv. 1. 122." (H.C.B.)

Fell (i. 1. 22). From O.Eng. *fel*, 'fierce.'

Fellow (iii. 4. 58). Is used as 'companion' or 'equal.' A.S. *felag*, *felawe*.

Fond (ii. 2. 33). Here used in the active signification of to 'dote.' *Fond*, 'foolish,' formed from p.p. of *fonnen*, to 'act foolishly;' from subs. *fon*, 'a fool.'

Fraught (v. 1. 57). Same word as *freight*, to 'lade a ship.' (Scand.) Mid.Eng. *frahten*. See note, and also compare *Tempest*, i. 2. 13, "The *fraughting* souls within her;" and *Cymbeline*, i. 1. 126—

> "If after this command thou *fraught* the court
> With thy unworthiness, thou diest."

Fulsome (v. 1. 105). 'Cloying,' 'satiating.' Mid.Eng. *fulsan*, 'abundant.' From *ful* + *som*.

Fustian (ii. 5. 104). "A kind of coarse cloth. Arabic *fustát*, another name of Cairo, whence the stuff first came. The Arab *fustát* also means 'a tent made of goat's hair.'" (SKEAT.) See note.

G

Galliard (i. 3. 116). 'A lively dance.' Span. *gallarda*; Ital. *gagliarda*.

Gaskins (i. 5. 24). Also called *galligaskins*, from *Greguesque*, 'Greek.' "*Chausses à la Garguesque.*"

Geck (v. 1. 336). 'A fool or dupe.' A.S. *geac*.

Goodman (iv. 2. 128). See note.

Gratility (ii. 3. 25). Probably Feste's word for *gratuity*.

Greek (iv. i. 18). See note.

Grize (iii. 1. 123). Or *grise*, 'a step.' From O.Fr. *gres*; Lat. *gradus*. See note.

Gull (ii. 3. 132). 'Fool,' or 'dupe,' 'an unfledged nestling.' Icel. *guls*; Dan. *gaul*, 'yellow' (our *gold*). From yellow tint of nestling's skin.

Gust (i. 3. 30). 'Taste.' Ital. *gusto*; Lat. *gusto*.

H

Having. For peculiar use of this word, see iii. 4. 333.

Havoc (v. 1. 198). "A.S. *hafoc*, 'a hawk.' Chief difficulty being in the late preservation of an A.S. form, when the form *hawk* was in general use. Possibly handed down in popular proverb, 'Cry havoc;' like 'Ware the hawk' seems to have been a popular exclamation, and has been supposed to have been originally a term in hawking." (SKEAT.) "Cry havoc" occurs in *King John*, *Coriolanus*, and *Julius Cæsar;* and in *Hamlet* we find, "This quarry cries on havoc." In *Much Ado About Nothing* we have, "Made such havoc of my means;" and in *Henry V.* i. 2. 173, "To tear and havoc more than she can eat."

His. Is usually employed for *its* in Shakespeare. *Its* is found several times in *Winter's Tale.* For further particulars see *Sh. Gr.* § 228.

Hob-nob (iii. 4. 231). From Sax. *habban*, 'to have;' *nabban*, 'not to have,' 'hit or miss,' 'give or take,' 'defiance.' So, as Monck Mason suggests, probably the origin of our *hob-nob*, or challenge to drink a glass of wine at dinner.

I

Importance (v. 1. 356). Is here used for *importunity.*

Incardinate (v. 1. 178). A blunder for *incarnate.*

Interim (v. 1. 91). Lat. adv., 'in the meanwhile.'

J

Jealousy (iii. 3. 8). 'Suspicion.' Cp. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 19, "So full of artless jealousy is guilt."

Jets (ii. 5. 31). Through Fr. *jetter;* Lat. *jactare*, freq. of *jacere*, 'to throw out,' 'fling about.' So here 'struts about.'

Jump (v. 1. 248). 'Agree.' Cp. "Good wits jump."

K

Kickshawses (i. 3. 112) or **kickshaws,** formerly **kick-shose.** 'Made dishes,' 'odds and ends.' From Fr. *quelque chose.*

knave (ii. 3. 63; v. 1. 203). "Mid. Eng. *knaue*, 'a knave child,' 'the koke's knave.' Origin of word perhaps Celtic. Gael. *cnapach*, 'a youngster.'" (SKEAT.) "How many serving lads must have been dishonest before knave acquired the meaning it has now!" (TRENCH, quoted by H.C.B.)

L

La you (iii. 4. 97). 'Look you.' A.S.

Lapsed (iii. 3. 36). 'Caught off my guard.' *Labor, lapsus.*

Lenten (i. 5. 9). From A.S. *lencten*, 'spring.' Ger. *Lenz.*

Lief (iii. 2. 29). 'Willingly.' *Lief*, also 'dear.' From Ger. *lieben*, 'to love.'

List (iii. 1. 76). Lit. 'fringe;' or 'selvedge of a cloth.' (O.E.)

M

Malapert (iv. 1. 44). *Mal*+O.Fr. *appert*, 'open,' 'ready,' 'expert.' Here 'saucy,' 'impudent.'

Maugre (iii. 1. 150). From Fr. *malgré*, 'in spite of.'

Metal (ii. 5. 14). When this word means 'character,' or 'high courage' (see note) we now spell it *mettle;* but formerly there was no difference either in the spelling or meaning of *metal* and *mettle.* From Lat. *metallum;* Grk. μέταλλον, 'a mine;' so 'substance obtained from a mine.'

Methought (ii. 2. 19). 'It seemed to me.' A.S. *thincan*, to 'think,' or 'seem.'

Minion (v. 1. 121). 'Favourite.' Fr. *mignon*, 'a darling.'

Minx (iii. 4. 115). "*Gadrouillette;* from 'a minx,' 'gigle,' 'flirt,' 'callet,' 'Gixie' (a fained word applyable to any such cattell)." (COTGRAVE.) It is thought to be derived from the Swedish *mænk.*

Misprision (i. 5. 52). 'Misunderstanding.' *Méprise.* See note.

Motion (ii. 4. 17, 'emotion;' iii. 4. 277, 'proposal').

Myrmidons (ii. 3. 27). See note.

N

Naught (i. 1. 11). See **Aught.** *Naught*=A.S. *ne-a* ('aye,' 'ever') *wiht*, 'not a whit.' *Not* is a shortened form of *naught.*

Nayword (ii. 3. 132). 'A by word.' In *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 2. 5, 'a pass-word.' "We have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum;' she cries 'budget,' and by that we know one another."

Niggardly (ii. 5. 5). 'Miserly,' 'meanly,' 'covetous.' Icel. *knöggr*, 'miserly;' Norse, *nuiggr.*

O

'Od's (v. 1. 180). 'God's.' See note.

Opposite (ii. 5. 140, 'adverse,' 'hostile;' iii. 2. 61, 'adversary').

Orchard (iii. 4. 170). A.S. *wort* and *yard*, or *orte geard*, 'garden of fruit.'

Othergates (v. 1. 190). 'Otherwise.' Another form of the word, used in Somersetshire, is *other guess*=*otherguise*, 'of another kind.'

Owe (i. 5. 305). 'Own.' See note. The two words are etymologically the same.

P

Pass (iii. 1. 42). "Pass your jokes upon." In iii. 4. 265 used as a fencing term; and *passed*, v. 1. 345, same sense as in iii. 1. 42. See notes.

Passion. Used in i. 4. 25; ii. 2. 21; iii. 4. 198; iii. 4. 362 ='passion or emotion of love." iii. 4. 162, "His words do from such passion fly"='emotion or suffering of madness.' iv. 1. 52, "Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway" (*passion* ='anger').

Passy measures pavin (v. 1. 196). See note.

Patch (i. 5. 45). "A corruption of *platch*, 'a piece sewn on to a garment.' Hence applied to fools, from their motley dress, and so generally a contemptuous title, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 9, "A crew of *patches*, rude mechanicals.'" (H.C.B.)

Pays you (iii. 4. 268). A technical term in fencing; perhaps used somewhat like the expression *counter* in boxing.

Pedant (iii. 2. 71). 'Schoolmaster.' (Not used in ordinary nowadays sense of the word.)

Peevish (i. 5. 295). Derived from noise made by fretful children. Meanings are, 'childish,' 'silly,' 'wayward,' 'froward,' 'uncouth,' 'ill-natured,' 'perverse,' 'witty.' With the derivation of *peevish* compare *peewit*. (SKEAT.)

Perdy (iv. 2. 73)=*Par Dieu*.

Perpend (v. 1. 293). 'Weigh in the mind.' Lat. *pendo*.

Perspective (v. 1. 213). Lat. *perspicio*, to 'look through.' See note.

Pia mater (i. 5. 112). See note.

Plague (i. 5. 290). Used for the infection of love. Lat. *plaga*, 'a blow.'

Point-devise (ii. 5. 153), or **at point devise** (*Canterbury Tales*). Skeat gives it as a translation of *à point devis.*

Points (i. 5. 22). See note. Fr. *point;* Lat. *punctum.*

Policy (iii. 2. 27). *Policy* and *politician* are used by Shakespeare in a bad sense, implying 'cunning' more than 'prudence.' So in 1 *Henry IV.* i. 3. 241, "this vile politician, Bolingbroke," *politician* is explained by Mr. Elton, in Falcon Series, as 'politic trickster.' *Policy*, from Lat. *politia;* Grk. πολιτεία.

Possess us (ii. 3. 136). 'Put us in possession of the facts;' so, 'tell us.'

Post (i. 5. 279). Through Fr. *poste*, from Low Lat. *posta* (*pono*, *positus*). At first, 'fixed stations on roads, with relays of horses kept at them;' then transferred to the travellers, or to the horses. (SKEAT.)

Practice. In i. 2. 13, 'method;' v. 1. 345, 'trick.' Often employed in a bad sense in Shakespeare, and sometimes implies 'treachery,' as in *Coriolanus*, iv. 1. 33— "Your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice."

Praise (i. 5. 244) is either used in its ordinary sense, or may possibly mean 'appraise,' *i.e.* 'value.'

Pranks (ii. 4. 86). To *prank*=to 'deck,' 'adorn' (Ger. *prangen*, to 'make a show'), and is used in that sense in *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 23, "For they do prank them in authority" (act as a Jack-in-office does).

Presently (iii. 4. 190). 'At once,' 'immediately.'

Prevent (iii. 1. 82). From Lat. p.p. of *prævenire*, to 'come,' or 'go before,' to 'anticipate,' and so either to 'help' (as in the Collect, "Prevent us, O Lord"), or 'hinder' (as in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 305, "So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery.") (H.C.B.)

Proper (v. 1. 312). Through French from Lat. *proprium*, 'one's own.' Also used in the sense of 'handsome' in iii. 1. 132, "Is like to reap a proper man." Cp. *Heb.* xi. 23, "Because they saw he was a proper child."

Propertied (iv. 2. 88). See note.

Protest (i. 5. 85), "I protest, I take these wise men," &c. Also iii. 4. 289, v. 1. 166, an affected word. Cp. *Element*, iii. 1. 58, and see note thereon. "There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before."—*Sir Giles Goosechap* (1606), quoted by STEEVENS.

Q

Quarrel (iii. 3. 31, &c.). Fr. *querelle;* Lat. *querela, queror.*

Quirk (iii. 4. 236). Celtic. 'An artful turn for evasion or subterfuge,' 'shift,' 'cavil.'

R

Rascal (i. 5. 81). 'A lean, worthless deer' (Saxon). From that applied to a base person. Cp. 2 *Henry IV.* v. 4. 34, "Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal." And also 1 *Henry VI.* iv. 2. 49—

> "If we be English deer, be then in blood;
> Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch."

Receiving (iii. 1. 119). 'Capacity.' *Recevoir;* Lat. *recipio,* from *re+capio.*

Recover (ii. 3. 182). 'To recover'='to get or obtain that which was lost.' But Shakespeare uses the word here simply for to 'get' or 'obtain.' So, too, to 'recover a position,' or to 'recover the land,' implies that the position or land had been lost. But not so with Shakespeare. Cp. *Tempest,* iii. 2. 16, "I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on," where the speaker Stephano does not allude to the shore he had left, but a new shore altogether, the island.

Renegado (iii. 2. 66). Lat. *re+nego,* 'to deny.' So 'apostate deserter.'

Revels (i. 3. 111). 'Night feasts.' From Fr. *réveillon,* from *réveiller,* to 'arouse from sleep.'

Rubious (i. 4. 33). 'Ruby-coloured.' Lat. *rubeus.*

Rudesby (iv. 1. 51). "So Suresby applied as a proper name to an over-cautious or accurate person, as if he were a native of a place so called. Cp. *Idlesby* and *Sneaksby.*" (JOHNSON'S *Dictionary,* by Latham.)

S

Sack (ii. 3. 188). See note.

Sad (iii. 4. 5). "Originally meant 'sated,' whence our modern use. But it had other senses, such as 'discreet,' 'serious,' 'sober.' Cp. *As You Like It,* iii. 2. 227, 'Speak, sad brow and true maid' (*i.e.* 'tell me seriously'). 'Digges, Gilbert, Keplerus, Origanus, and others, defend this hypothesis, in sober *sadness,* that the moon is inhabited.' (BURTON.) There is a play on the two senses in *Romeo,* i. 1. 205." (H.C.B.)

Scathful (v. 1. 52). 'Harmful.' A.S. *sceaðan*, to 'harm.'

Schedules (i. v. 240). *Schedule*, also spelt *scedule* and *cedule*. Through O.Fr. *cedule*, Ital. *cedola*, Lat. *schedula*, 'a leaf of paper.' Here 'lists,' or 'inventories.'

Semblative (i. 4. 35). 'Resembling.' A word coined by Shakespeare from Fr. *sembler*, to 'seem.'

Shapes (i. 1. 14). A.S. *sceapian*. See note.

Shent (iv. 2. 101). Part. of *shend*, to 'disgrace.' A.S. *scendan*, Ger. *schänden*.

Sheriff's post (i. 5. 145). See note.

Shrew (i. 3. 46). See note. Word probably derived from *shrew-mouse*, whose bite was supposed to be poisonous. See *beshrew*.

Shrewdly (v. i. 345). See *beshrew*.

Shrewishly (i. 5. 157). See *Shrew*.

Singularity (ii. 5. 142). 'Distinction.' *Put thyself into the trick of singularity* = 'take upon yourself an air of distinction or superiority.'

Sir (iii. 4. 71). From French *sire*, Lat. *senior*.

Sirrah (v. 1. 141). Another word for *sir*, but used generally in anger or contempt.

Skills (v. 1. 284). *Skills not much* = 'doesn't matter much.' *Skills*, from Norse *skilja*, to 'divide,' to 'distinguish.'

'Slid (iii. 4. 379). See notes.

'Slight (iii. 2. 12). See notes.

Slough (ii. 5. 139). 'The cast skin of a serpent.' *To slough* is from Ger. *schlauch*.

Sneck up (ii. 3. 93). "To *snickle* meant to tie a noose, and *snick* or *sneck up* was a contemptuous exclamation equivalent to *hang yourself*. (HUNTER.)

Sooth (ii. 1. 9). 'Truth.' *Forsooth* = 'for a truth.' And *silly sooth* (ii. 4. 46) = 'plain, simple truth.'

Sowter (ii. 5. 117). From Fr. *savetier*, 'a maker of sabots.

Spleen (iii. 2. 64). 'Immoderate merriment.' See note.

Still (ii. 4. 117). 'Ever,' 'always.' Cp. *Tempest*, i. 2. 229, "The *still*-vexed Bermoothes." Cp. also *Tempest*, iii. 3. 64, "The still-closing waters."

Stoop (ii. 3. 13). Spelt *stoup* in *Othello*. 'A vessel to contain liquor.' A.S. *stoppa*.

Straight (iv. 1. 30). "Same as *stretched*, p.p. of *to stretch*, so 'without any bends or curves.' As an adverb, (1) 'straight forward;' (2) 'straight on,' 'without delay,' 'immediately.'" (W.H.P.-S.)

Stuck (iii. 4. 266). See note.

Suit (i. 2. 45; iii. 1. 107; iii. 4. 314; v. 1. 231). "In origin is the same word as *sect*. Low Lat. *secta* from *sec-*, root of *sequor*. So (1) 'a following,' 'an importuning,' 'beseeching' [as in i. 2. 45, 'She will admit no kind of suit']. (2) 'The petition or request made.' (3) 'A suit at law' [v. i. 272, 'Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit;' and again, iii. 4. 314, 'I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino']. (4) 'A set of clothes matching together' [as in v. 1. 230, 'So went he suited (*i.e.* dressed) to his watery tomb']. Hence the verb *suit*='to match,' 'fit,' 'be adapted to.' (5) 'A *suite* (the same word) of rooms or of attendants.' From the same source is the verb to *sue*. Fr. *suivre*." (W.H.P.-S.)

Surfeit (ii. 4. 99); **surfeiting** (i. 1. 2). Through French *surfait*, part of *surfaire*; from Latin *super facere*.

Swabber (i. 5. 198). 'One who carries a swab.' (See note.) A.S. *swebban*; Dan. *svabre*; Swed. *swabba*.

Swarths (ii. 3. 147). *Swarth* or *swath*='a line of grass cut and thrown together by the scythe.' A.S. *swæthe*.

Syllogism (i. v. 47). See note.

T

Tabor (iii. 1. 2). Arabic *tabl*, 'a drum.' From this word also *tambourine* and *timbrel* are derived.

Taffeta (ii. 4. 74). For meaning see note. "Notre mot taffeta est formé par onomatopée, du bruit que fait cette étoffe." (FRANCISQUE-MICHEL, quoted by Dr. BREWER in *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.)

Tall. For uses of this word see note on i. 3. 19 and iv. 2. 6.

Tartar (ii. 5. 194). See note.

Taste (iii. 1. 77 and iii. 4. 235). See notes.

Testril (ii. 3. 32). Professor Skeat gives: "Tester, 'a sixpence,' 'a flat canopy over a bed.' The sense 'sixpence' is obsolete, except as corrupted to 'tizzy.' The tester was so called from the *head* upon it; it is a shortened form of *testern*,

as in Latimer's sermons. Again, *testern* is probably a corruption of *teston* (sometimes *testoon*), which was a brass coin covered with silver, first struck in the reign of Henry VIII. The name was given to shillings and sixpences, and Latimer got into trouble by referring to the newly-coined shilling or teston. In 1560 the teston of 6*d.* was reduced to 4½*d.* The name teston was given to the new coins of Louis XII. of France, because they bore the head of that prince. Ruding observes that the name must have been applied to the English coin by mere caprice, as all money of this country bore the head of the sovereign." Cp. *Every Man in His Humour:* "You cannot give them less than a shilling in conscience; for the book he had it out of cost him a *teston* at least."

Than (conj.). "The same word as *then*, but differentiated by usage. The first folio usually has *then* for *than*." (H.C.B.)

Tray-trip (ii. 5. 179). See note.

Trice (iv. 2. 120). 'The third of a moment.' "In a trice," from Span. *en un tris.*

Trick (i. 3. 119; ii. 5. 142). *Trick*, from Dutch *trek*= 'sharp stroke.'

Tuck (iii. 4. 216). Fr. *estoc.* "Stocco, a truncheon, a tuck, a short sword, an arming sword." (FLORIO's *Worlde of Wordes.*)

U

Uncurrent (iii. 3. 16). 'Not current.' *Current*, from Lat. *currens*, *currere* = 'flowing,' 'passing,' 'circulating.' Cp. our expression, "Current coin of the realm."

Unkind (iii. 4. 356). 'Unnatural.' See note.

Unprizable (v. 1. 51). See note.

V

Validity (i. 1. 12). See note. Fr. *validité.*

Vice (iv. 2. 121). A character in the old moralities. See note.

Villain (ii. 5. 13). "Lat. *villanus*, 'farm servant;' hence, 'serf,' 'bondsman.' So in *As You Like It*, i. 1. 59, 'I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.' Then used to persons of low rank, sometimes without abusive sense, but commonly equivalent to 'vile, wicked wretch.'" (W.H.P.-S.) Here ii. 5. 13 is a jocular term of endearment.

Viol-de-gamboys (i. 3. 25). See note.

W

Welkin (ii. 3. 56). A.S. *wolcen;* Ger. *wölken*, 'clouds.'

Wit (i. 2. 61). 'Common-sense,' 'intelligence.' Derived from A.S. *witan*, 'to know.'

Withal. "Compounded of *with* and *alle*, dat. case of *al*, 'all.' Used for *with it*." (H.C.B.)

Y

Yare (iii. 4. 216). 'Quick.' A.S. *gearow*, 'ready.' Ger. *ganz und gar*, 'wholly,' 'thoroughly.'

Yond (i. 5. 136). O.Eng. *geond*. Used for adj. *yon*.

Z

Zany (i. 5. 86). See note. From Ital. *zane* or *zanni*, abbreviated from *Giovanni* = *John*. "Zane, the name of John. Also a sillie John, a gull, a noddie. Vsed also for a simple vice, clowne, foole, or simple fellowe in a plaie or comedie." (FLORIO, *A Worlde of Wordes.*)

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